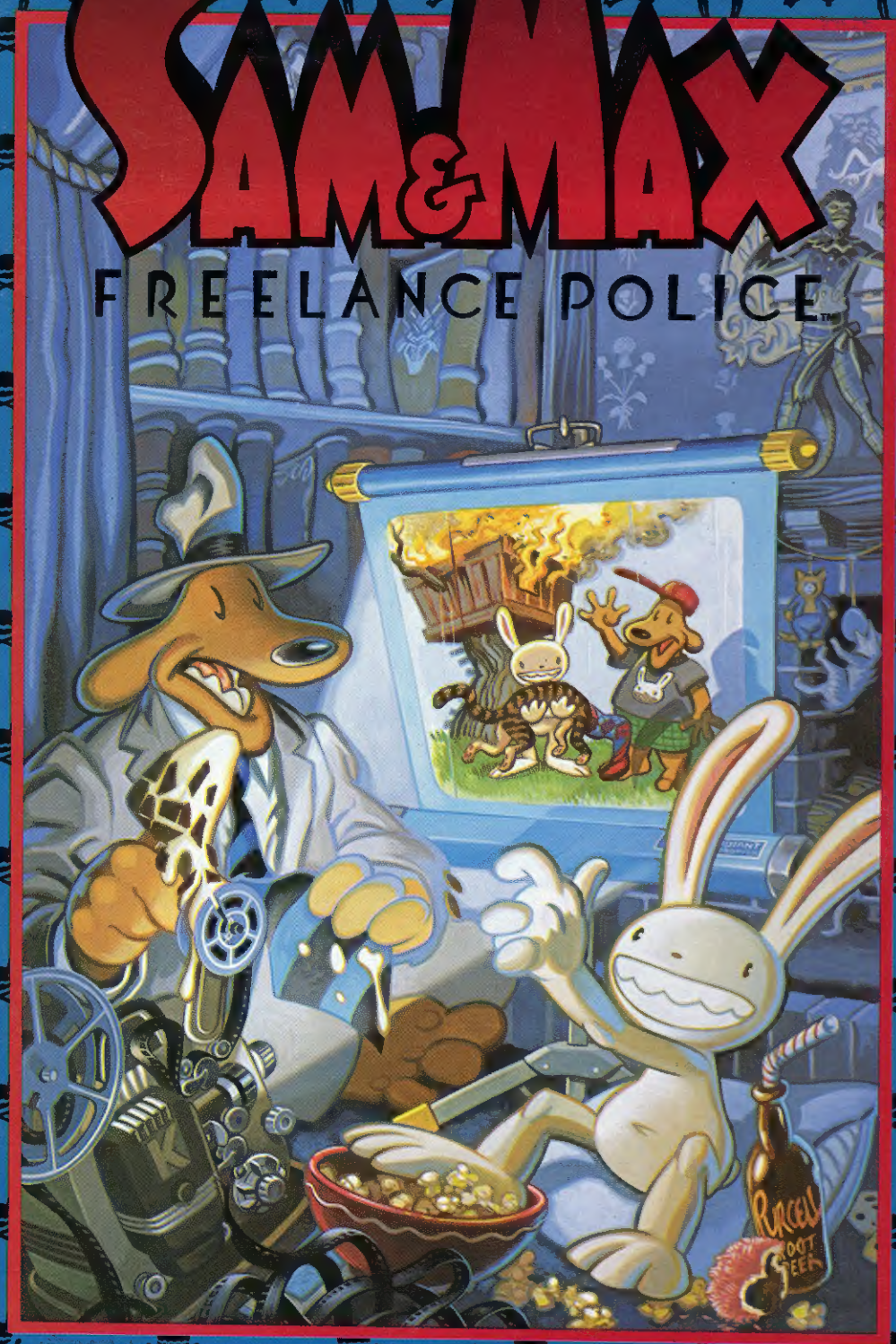
SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE™



SPECIAL COLOR COLLECTION

EPIC COMICS®

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SAM & MAX SPECIAL COLOR COLLECTION

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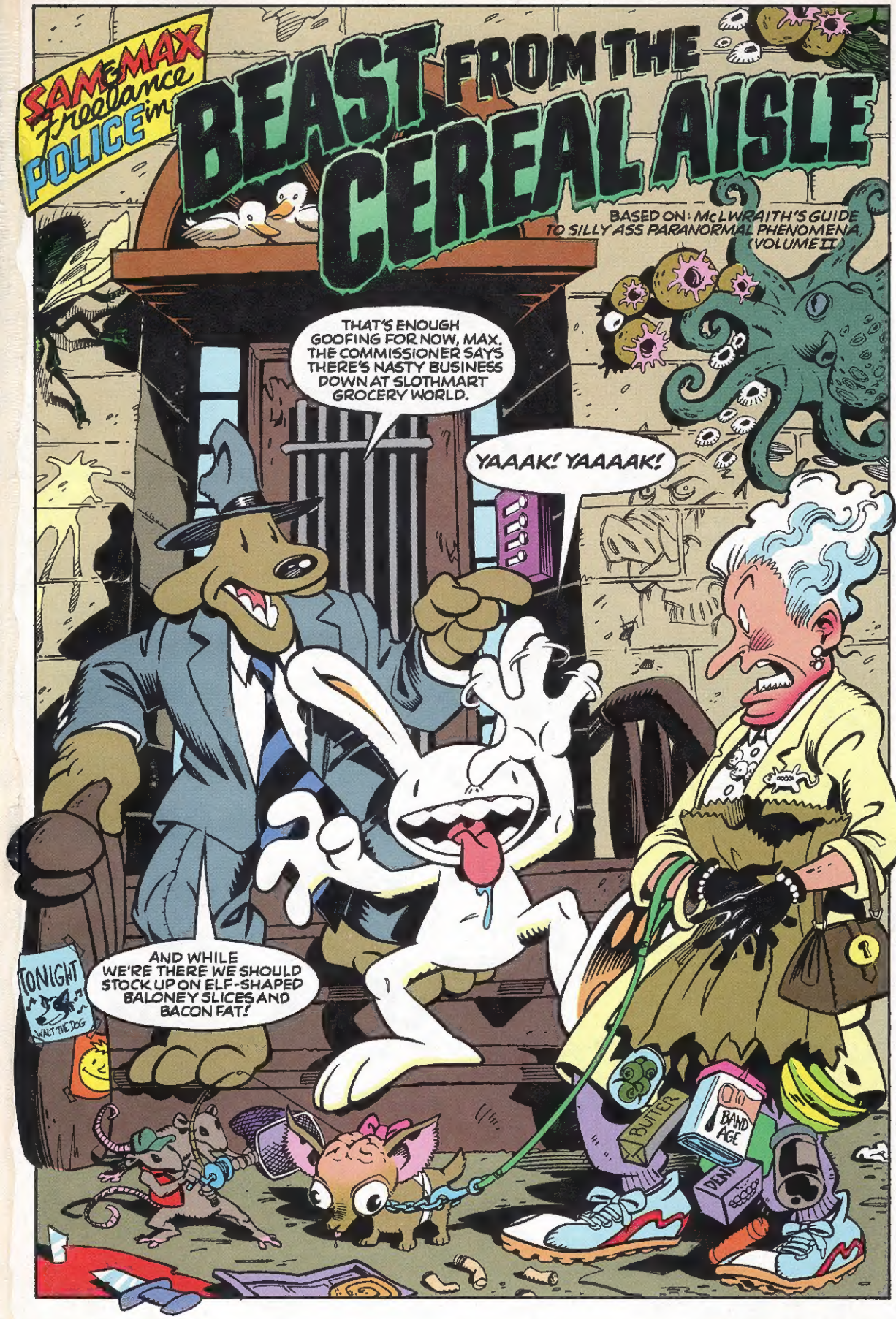
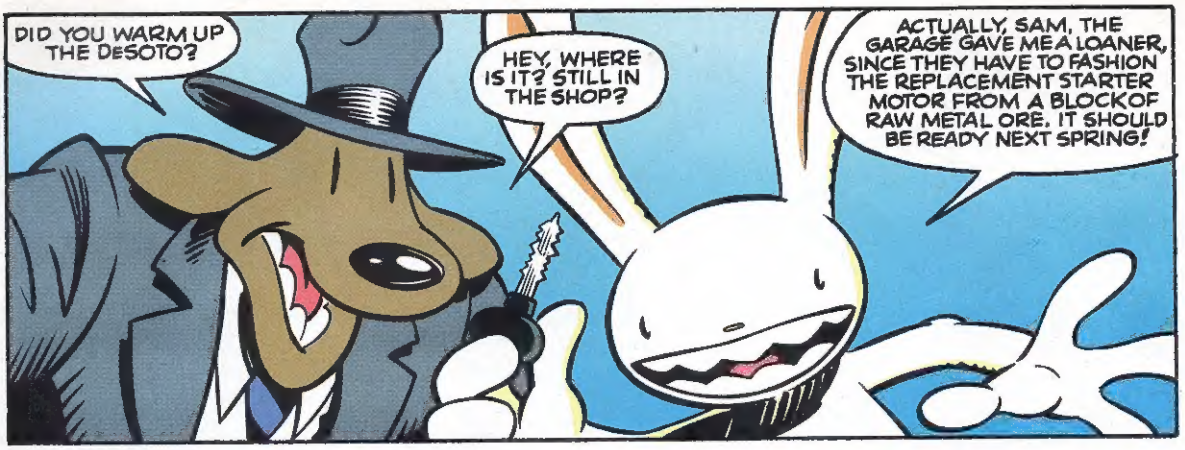
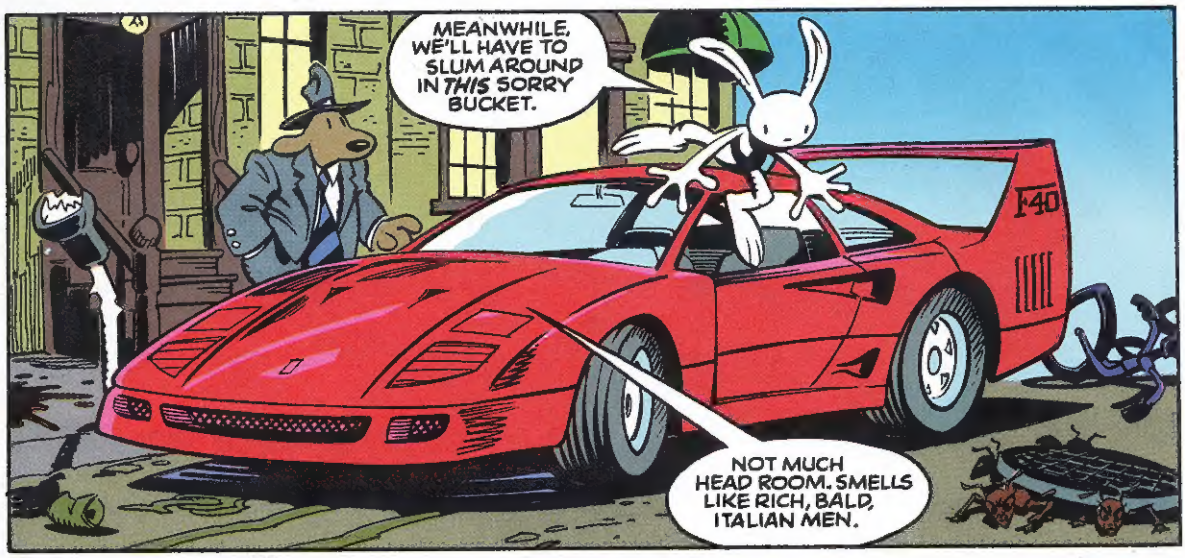
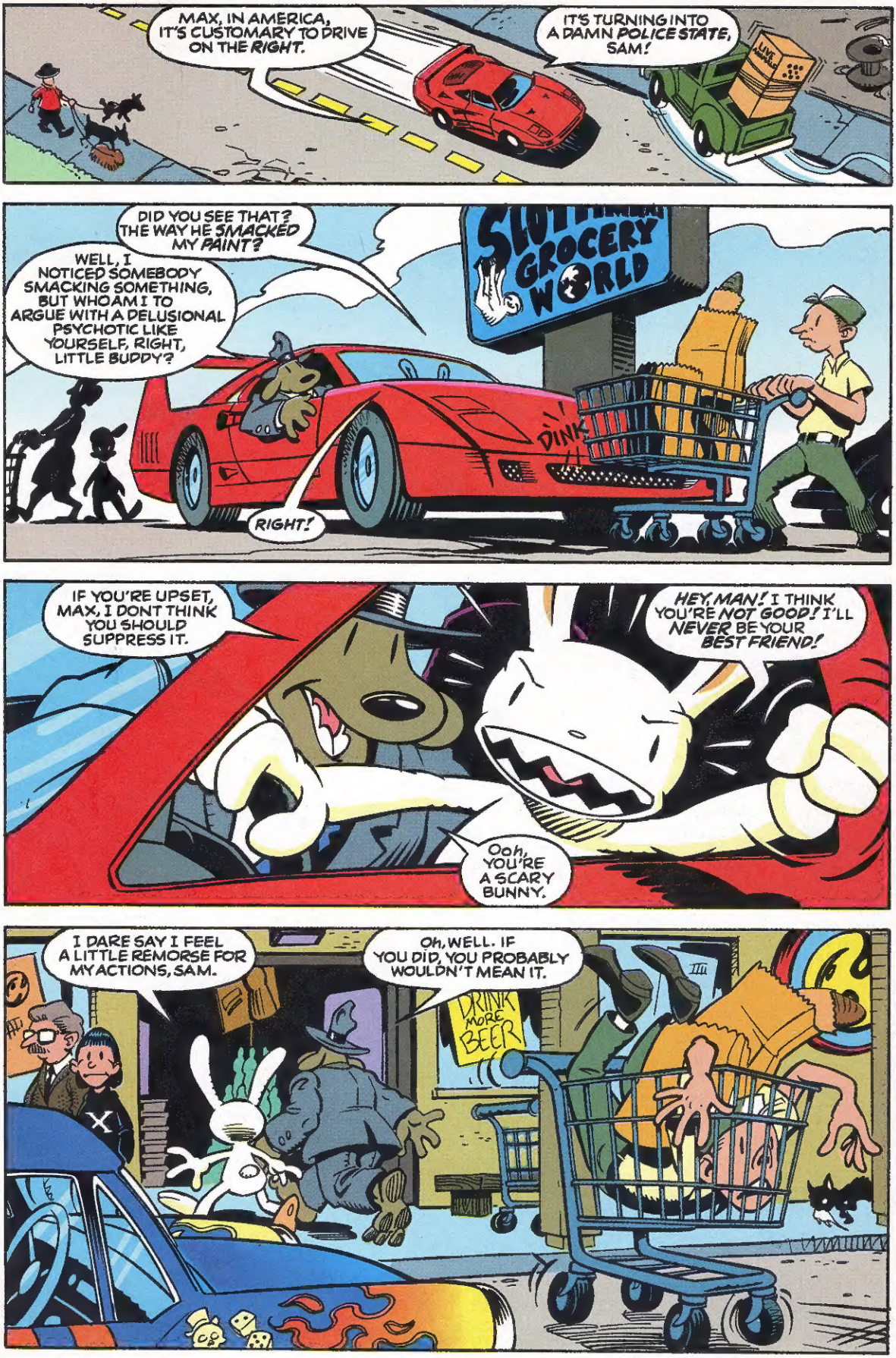

SAM & MAX Freelance POLICE in
BEAST FROM THE CEREAL AISLE
BASED ON: McLWRAITH'S GUIDE TO SILLY ASS PARANORMAL PHENOMENA (VOLUME II)
THAT'S ENOUGH GOOFING FOR NOW, MAX. THE COMMISSIONER SAYS THERE'S NASTY BUSINESS DOWN AT SLOTHMART GROCERY WORLD.
YAAAK! YAAAAK!
AND WHILE WE'RE THERE WE SHOULD STOCK UP ON ELF-SHAPED BALONEY SLICES AND BACON FAT!
TONIGHT
WALT THE DOG
BUTTER
BAND AGE

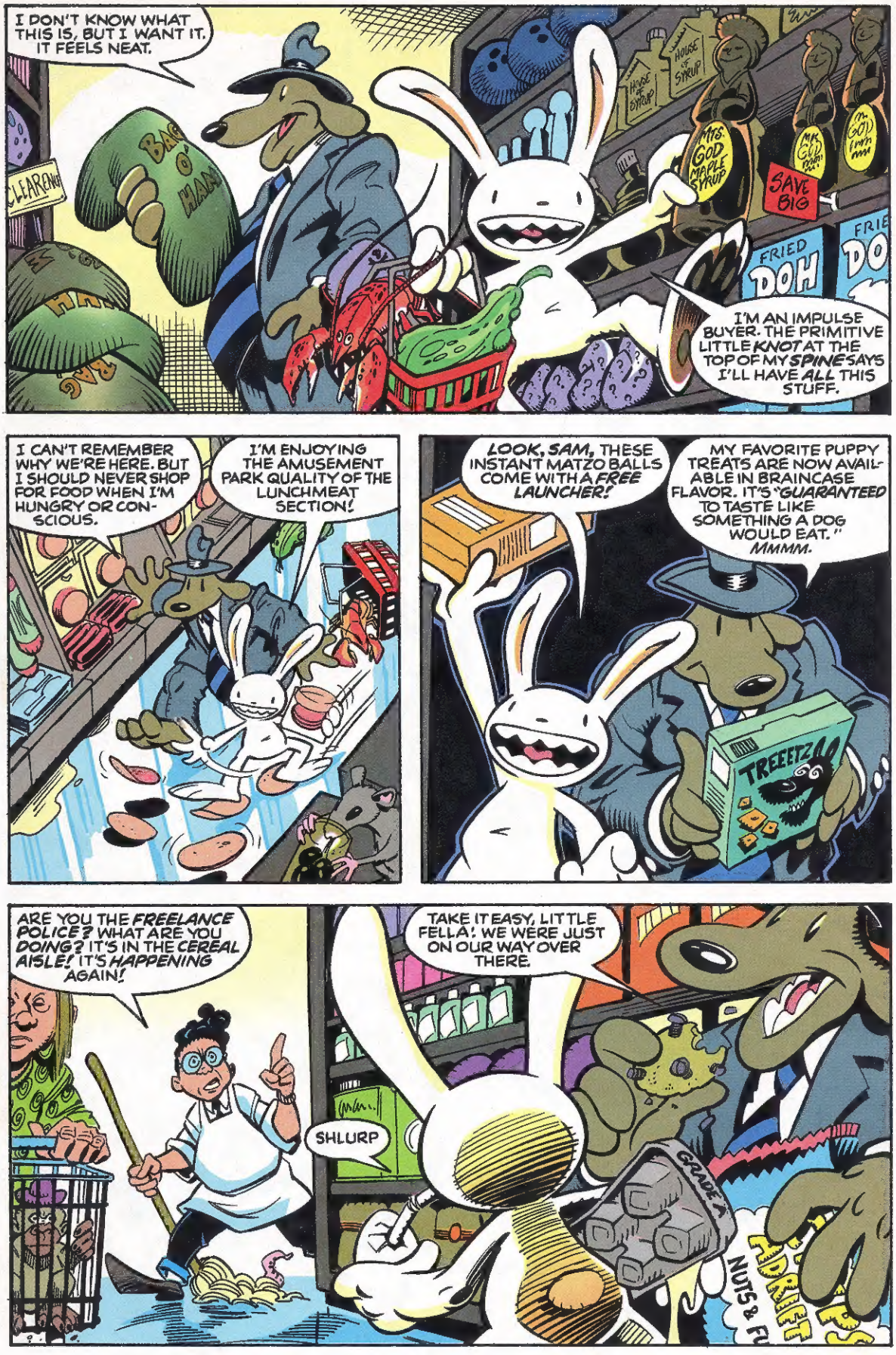

DID YOU WARM UP THE DESOTO?
HEY, WHERE IS IT? STILL IN THE SHOP?
ACTUALLY, SAM, THE GARAGE GAVE ME A LOANER, SINCE THEY HAVE TO FASHION THE REPLACEMENT STARTER MOTOR FROM A BLOCK OF RAW METAL ORE. IT SHOULD BE READY NEXT SPRING!

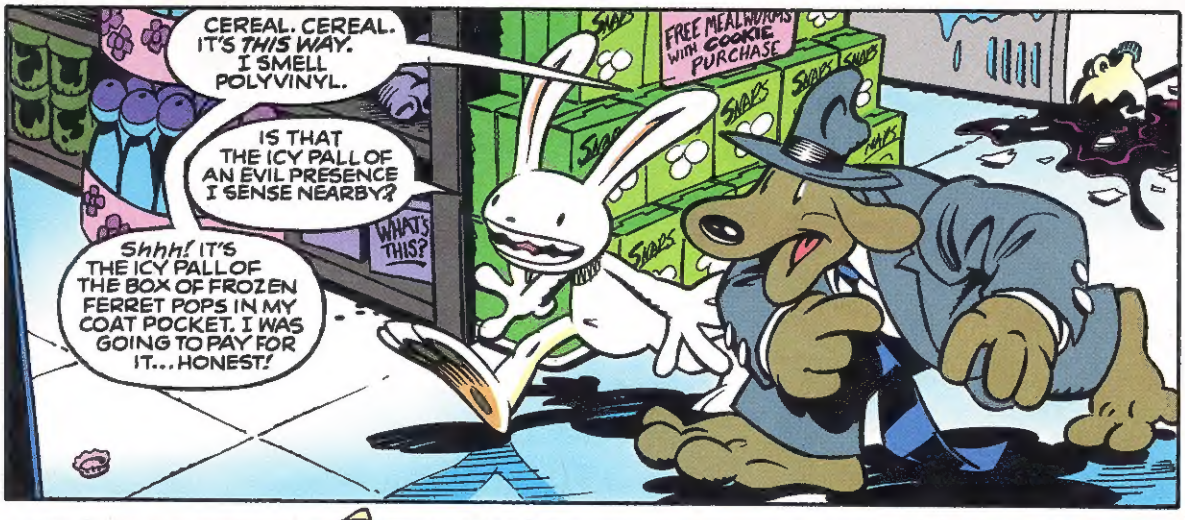

MEANWHILE, WE'LL HAVE TO SLUM AROUND IN *THIS* SORRY BUCKET.
F40
NOT MUCH HEAD ROOM. SMELLS LIKE RICH, BALD, ITALIAN MEN.

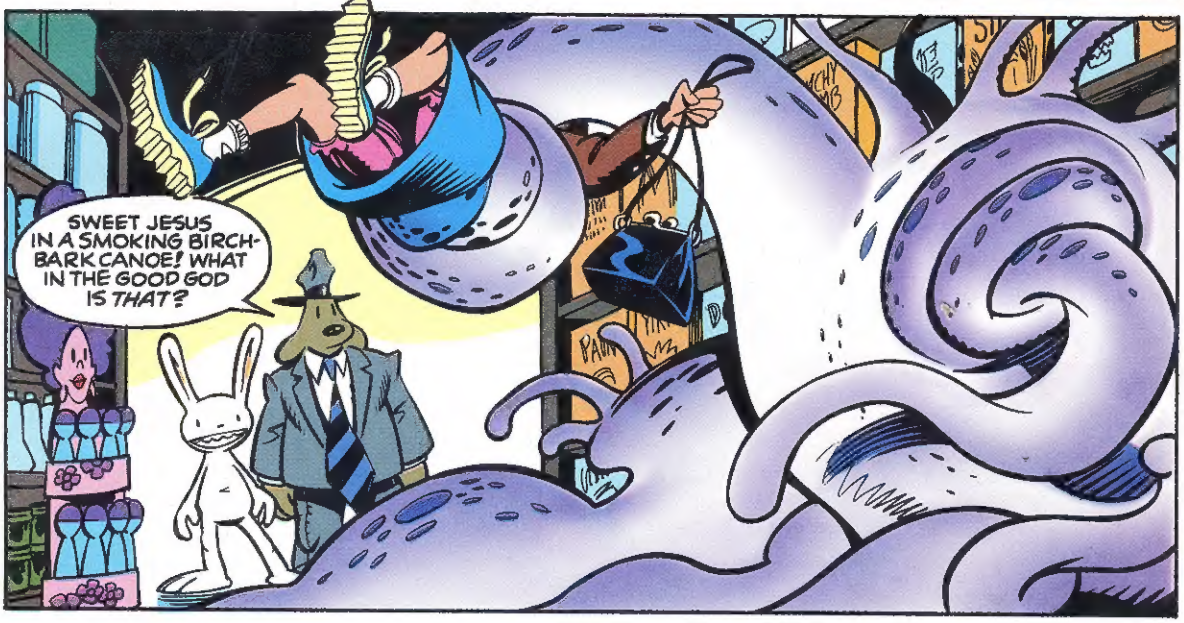
LOOKIE *HERE*, MAX! THERE'S A THIEVING HOODLUM UNDER THE DASH. MUST BE AFTER OUR LITTER BAG!
POKE

GOODBYE, THIEVING, HOODLUM!
SHALL I BACK OVER HIM, SAM?
SORRY, MAX, NO TIME FOR PETTY INDULGENCES!

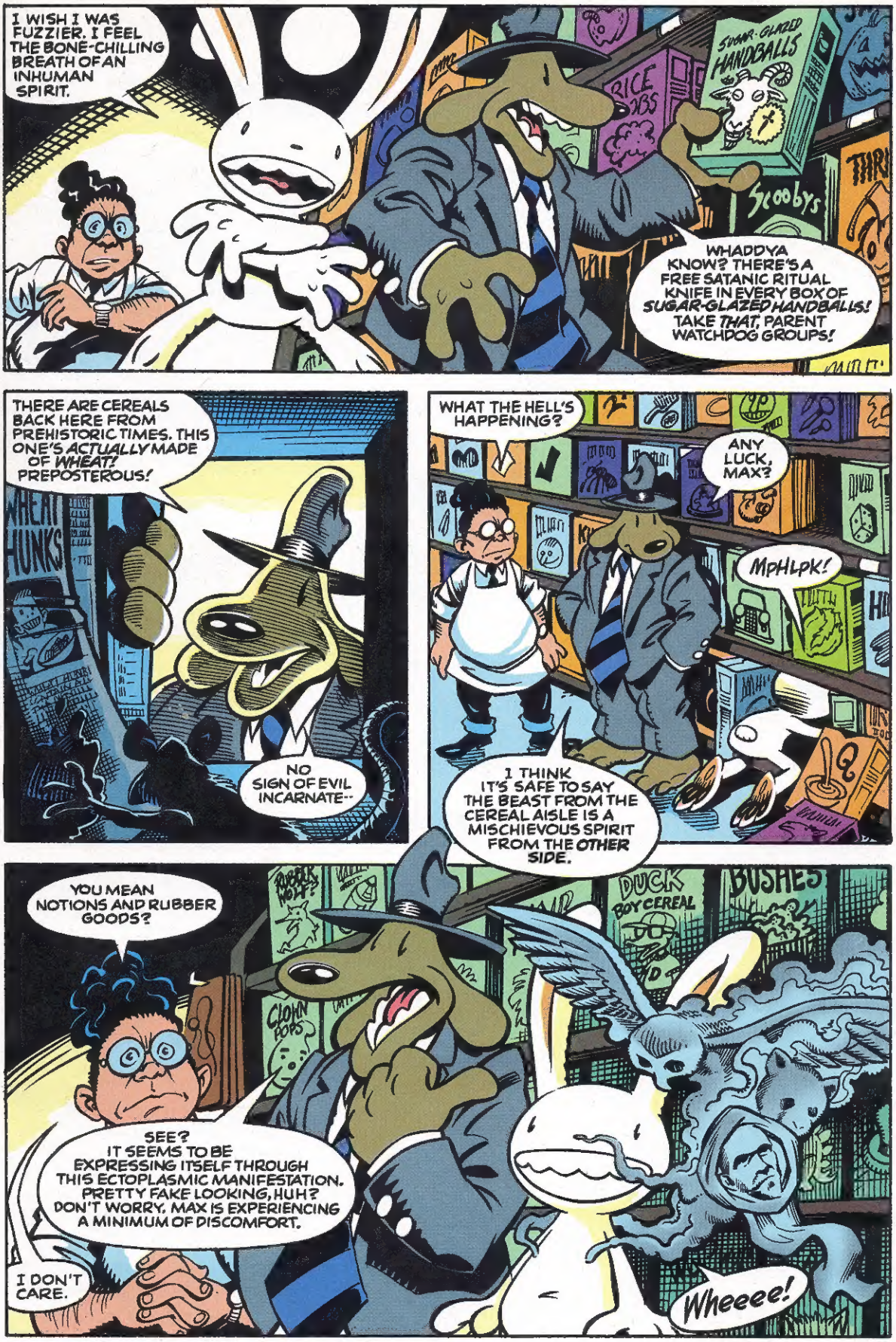

MAX, IN AMERICA, IT'S CUSTOMARY TO DRIVE ON THE RIGHT.
IT'S TURNING INTO A DAMN POLICE STATE, SAM!
DID YOU SEE THAT? THE WAY HE SMACKED MY PAINT?
WELL, I NOTICED SOMEBODY SMACKING SOMETHING, BUT WHOAM I TO ARGUE WITH A DELUSIONAL PSYCHOTIC LIKE YOURSELF, RIGHT, LITTLE BUDDY?
GROCERY WORLD
DINK
RIGHT!
IF YOU'RE UPSET, MAX, I DONT THINK YOU SHOULD SUPPRESS IT.
HEY, MAN! I THINK YOU'RE NOT GOOD! I'LL NEVER BE YOUR BEST FRIEND!
Ooh, YOU'RE A SCARY BUNNY.
I DARE SAY I FEEL A LITTLE REMORSE FOR MY ACTIONS, SAM.
Oh, WELL. IF YOU DID, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T MEAN IT.
DRINK MORE BEER


I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS, BUT I WANT IT. IT FEELS NEAT.
CLEARANCE
BAG O' HAM
HOUSE OF SYRUP
MRS. GOD MAPLE SYRUP
SAVE BIG
FRIED DOH
I'M AN IMPULSE BUYER. THE PRIMITIVE LITTLE KNOT AT THE TOP OF MY SPINE SAYS I'LL HAVE ALL THIS STUFF.
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY WE'RE HERE. BUT I SHOULD NEVER SHOP FOR FOOD WHEN I'M HUNGRY OR CONSCIOUS.
I'M ENJOYING THE AMUSEMENT PARK QUALITY OF THE LUNCHMEAT SECTION!
LOOK, SAM, THESE INSTANT MATZO BALLS COME WITH A FREE LAUNCHER!
MY FAVORITE PUPPY TREATS ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN BRAINCASE FLAVOR. IT'S "GUARANTEED TO TASTE LIKE SOMETHING A DOG WOULD EAT." MMMM.
TREEETZ
ARE YOU THE FREELANCE POLICE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT'S IN THE CEREAL AISLE! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE FELLA! WE WERE JUST ON OUR WAY OVER THERE.
SHLURP
GRADE A
NUTS &

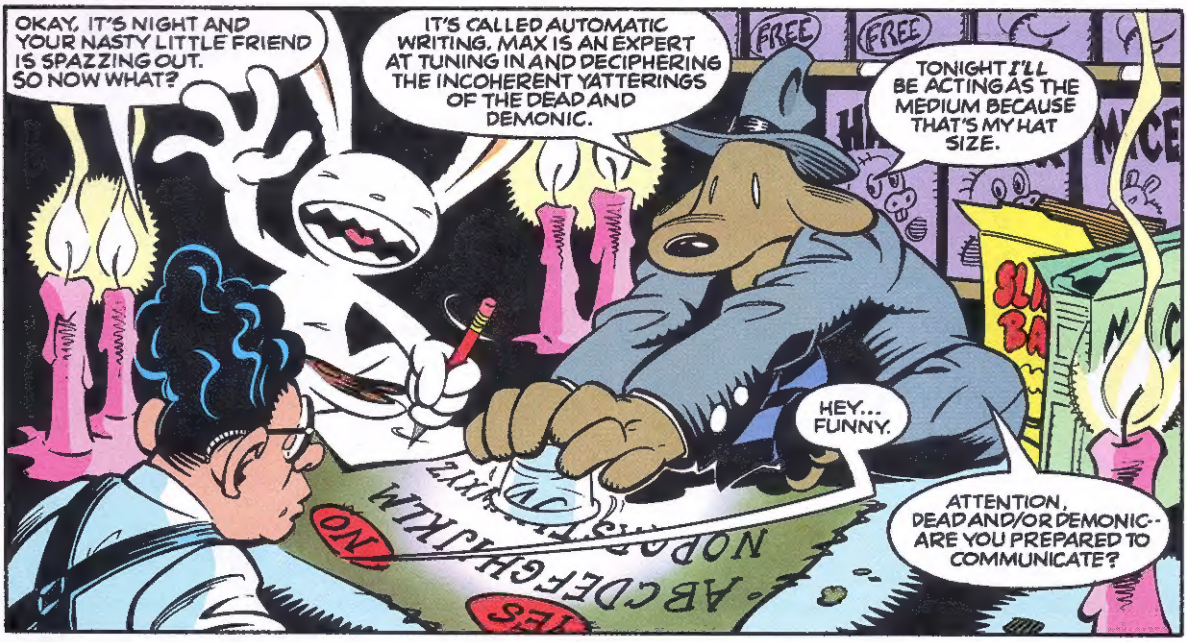

CEREAL. CEREAL. IT'S *THIS* WAY. I SMELL POLYVINYL.
IS THAT THE ICY PALL OF AN EVIL PRESENCE I SENSE NEARBY?
Shhh! IT'S THE ICY PALL OF THE BOX OF FROZEN FERRET POPS IN MY COAT POCKET. I WAS GOING TO PAY FOR IT... HONEST!
FREE MEALWORMS WITH COOKIE PURCHASE
WHAT'S THIS?

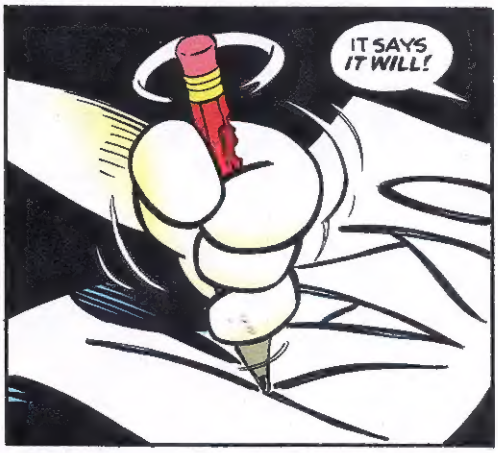

SWEET JESUS IN A SMOKING BIRCH-BARK CANOE! WHAT IN THE GOOD GOD IS *THAT*?

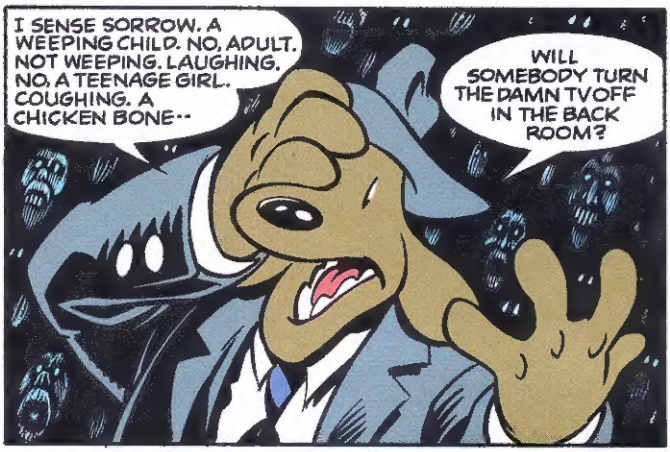
MICE?
GEE- YOUR HAIR SMELLS LIKE SHAMPOO
CRUNCHY THUMB NAILS
BRINE SHRIMP
SILO BUDS
HURRY BUY THIS!
I'M EATING MY FIBER!
FRUIT SNACK MONKEYS
FREE
SHREDDED PACKING MATERIAL
DORK
1 BAD CEREAL
GOUTS LIL BEARS
DON'T EAT THAT!
Dumb GRAINS
baby bird MEMBRANE
FEAR SMACKS
0.0
NEW
LOBSTA FANTS
Chum
CORN MITES

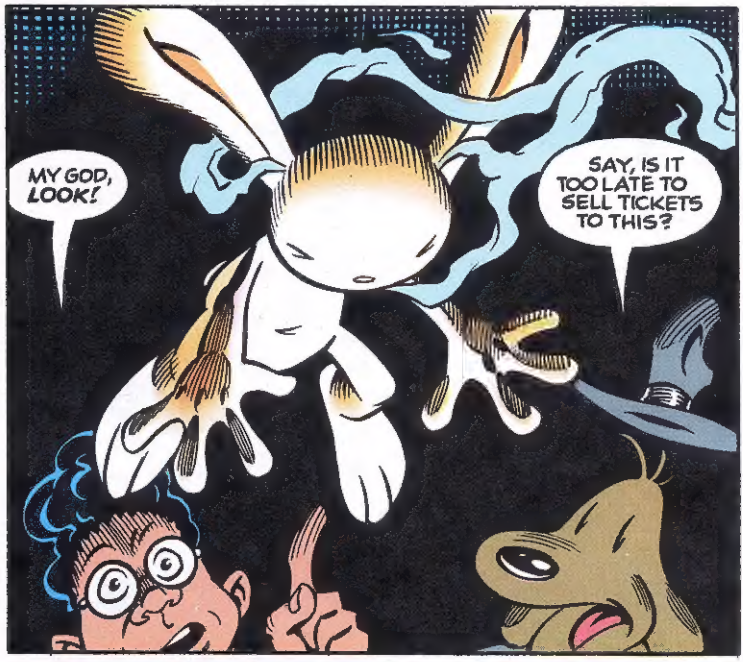

I WISH I WAS FUZZIER. I FEEL THE BONE-CHILLING BREATH OF AN INHUMAN SPIRIT.
SUGAR-GLAZED HANDBALLS
RICE OBS
Scoobys
WHADDYA KNOW? THERE'S A FREE SATANIC RITUAL KNIFE IN EVERY BOX OF SUGAR-GLAZED HANDBALLS! TAKE THAT, PARENT WATCHDOG GROUPS!
THERE ARE CEREALS BACK HERE FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES. THIS ONE'S ACTUALLY MADE OF WHEAT! PREPOSTEROUS!
WHEAT HUNKS
NO SIGN OF EVIL INCARNATE--
WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING?
ANY LUCK, MAX?
MPHLPK!
I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THE BEAST FROM THE CEREAL AISLE IS A MISCHIEVOUS SPIRIT FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
YOU MEAN NOTIONS AND RUBBER GOODS?
DUCK
BUSHES
BOY CEREAL
CLOWN POPS
SEE? IT SEEMS TO BE EXPRESSING ITSELF THROUGH THIS ECTOPLASMIC MANIFESTATION. PRETTY FAKE LOOKING, HUH? DON'T WORRY. MAX IS EXPERIENCING A MINIMUM OF DISCOMFORT.
I DON'T CARE.
Wheeee!

CAN I GO BACK THERE AND PICK UP A BOX OF FRUIT HOOPS?
NOT UNLESS YOU WANT A SIMULACRUM TO SWIM DOWN YOUR THROAT AND POSSESS THE HELL OUT OF YOU! BEAT IT, LADY!
WHAT NOW, SMART GUY?
GOOEY BARS
BARS
GOOEY BARS
DO NOT
POLICE LINE
DO NOT CROSS
GLEEEE GLEEE
TOIDY
NOW WE WAIT UNTIL NIGHTFALL--
--THEN THE LINES OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATION WILL OPEN MORE READILY TO MY LITTLE PAL MAX AND ME.
Mmm, THESE PRUNE NUTS ARE CRUNCHY. I THINK I BROKE A CROWN. GUESS THAT MEANS THEY'RE WHOLESOME.
KRAAKAK
Oops.
PHOOT
FREE HANDCUFFS
PRUNE
WORRIED, MAX?
IT'S ALWAYS A CONCERN WHEN UNHAPPY SPIRITS STROLL IN AND OUT OF THE COSMIC DOGGY DOOR BETWEEN HERE AND THERE, SAM.
YOU'RE EMBARRASSING WHEN YOU TRY TO BE PROFOUND.
THANK YOU.
BABY NEEDS SILLY FOOD
Golden Puffs of Plutonium
FLAKES of LEAD PAINT
Coal Tar
PRUNE
SKANKIES


OKAY. IT'S NIGHT AND YOUR NASTY LITTLE FRIEND IS SPAZZING OUT. SO NOW WHAT?
IT'S CALLED AUTOMATIC WRITING. MAX IS AN EXPERT AT TUNING IN AND DECIPHERING THE INCOHERENT YATTERINGS OF THE DEAD AND DEMONIC.
FREE
FREE
TONIGHT I'LL BE ACTING AS THE MEDIUM BECAUSE THAT'S MY HAT SIZE.
HEY... FUNNY.
ATTENTION, DEAD AND/OR DEMONIC-- ARE YOU PREPARED TO COMMUNICATE?
NO
YES

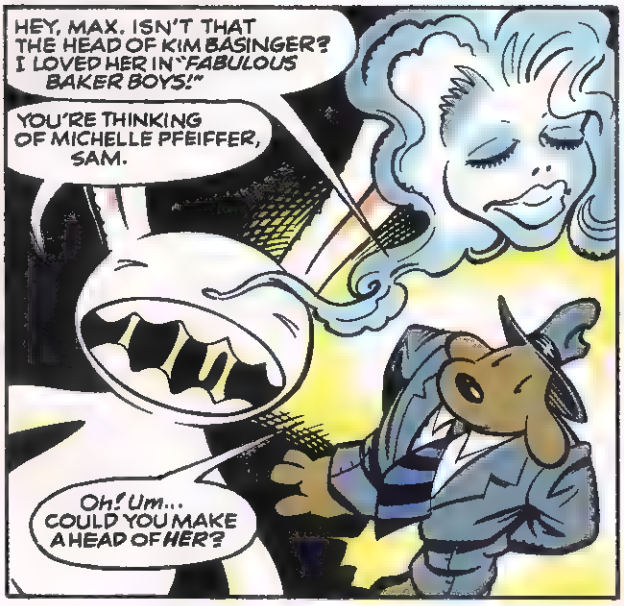

IT SAYS IT WILL!


I SENSE SORROW. A WEEPING CHILD. NO, ADULT. NOT WEEPING. LAUGHING. NO, A TEENAGE GIRL. COUGHING. A CHICKEN BONE--
WILL SOMEBODY TURN THE DAMN TV OFF IN THE BACK ROOM?

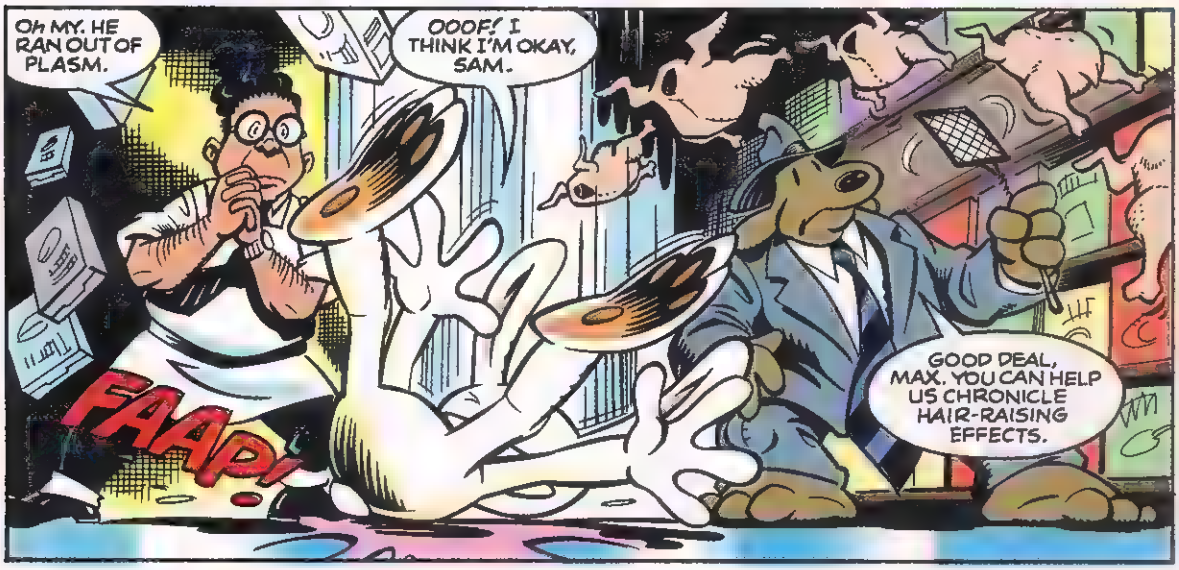

MY GOD, LOOK!
SAY, IS IT TOO LATE TO SELL TICKETS TO THIS?

WOOOOOOOOOO
CHEER UP, MAX.

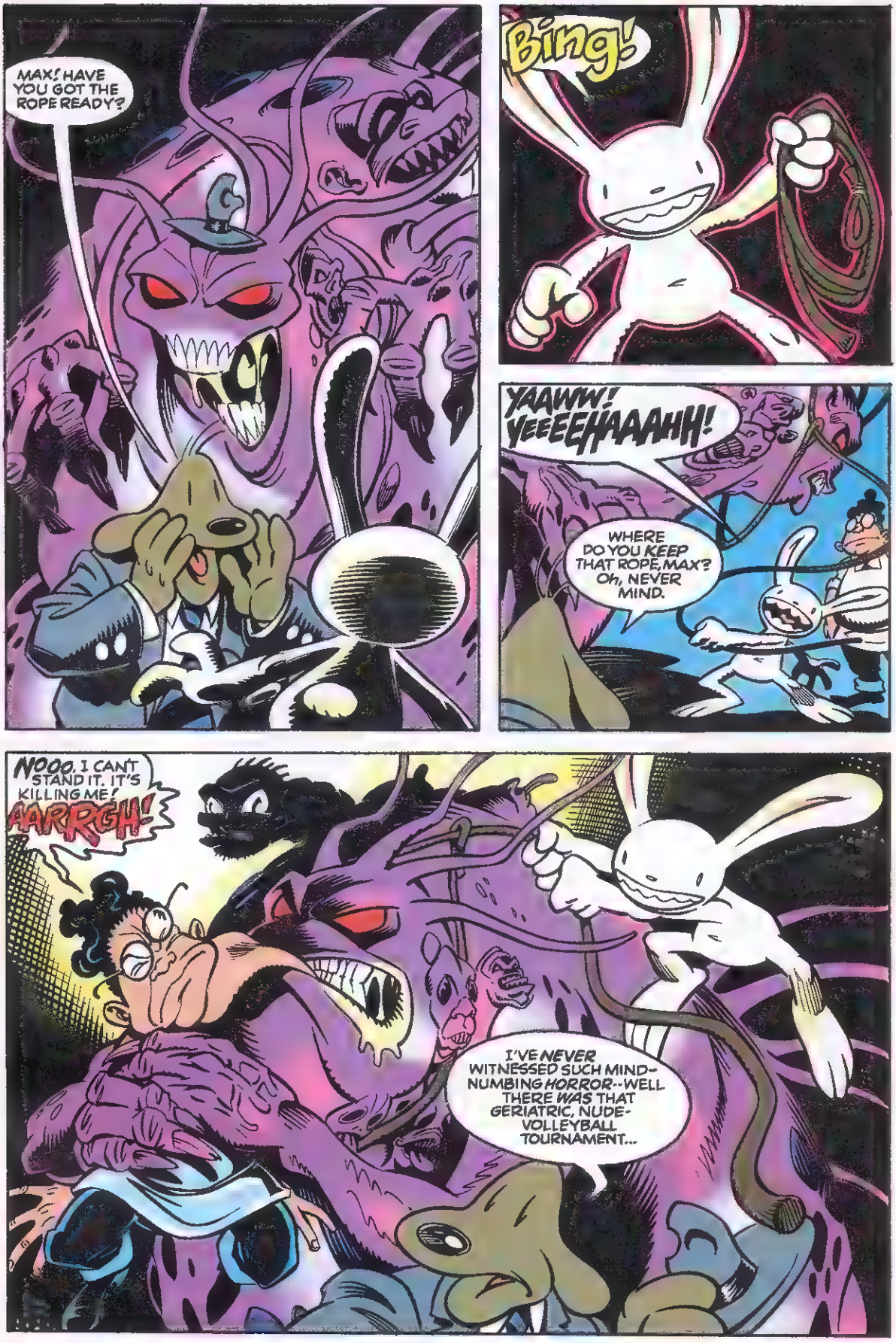
BAWAAAHH!
SAAAM, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MEEE?
HE SPEAKS! I'M FRIGHTENED!
STOP TOUCHING ME.
YOU'LL BE FINE, JUST GO WITH IT, MAX! WOW! LOOK AT ALL THE SWELL ECTOPLASM!


HEY, MAX. ISN'T THAT THE HEAD OF KIM BASINGER? I LOVED HER IN "FABULOUS BAKER BOYS!"
YOU'RE THINKING OF MICHELLE PFEIFFER, SAM.
OH! UM... COULD YOU MAKE A HEAD OF HER?

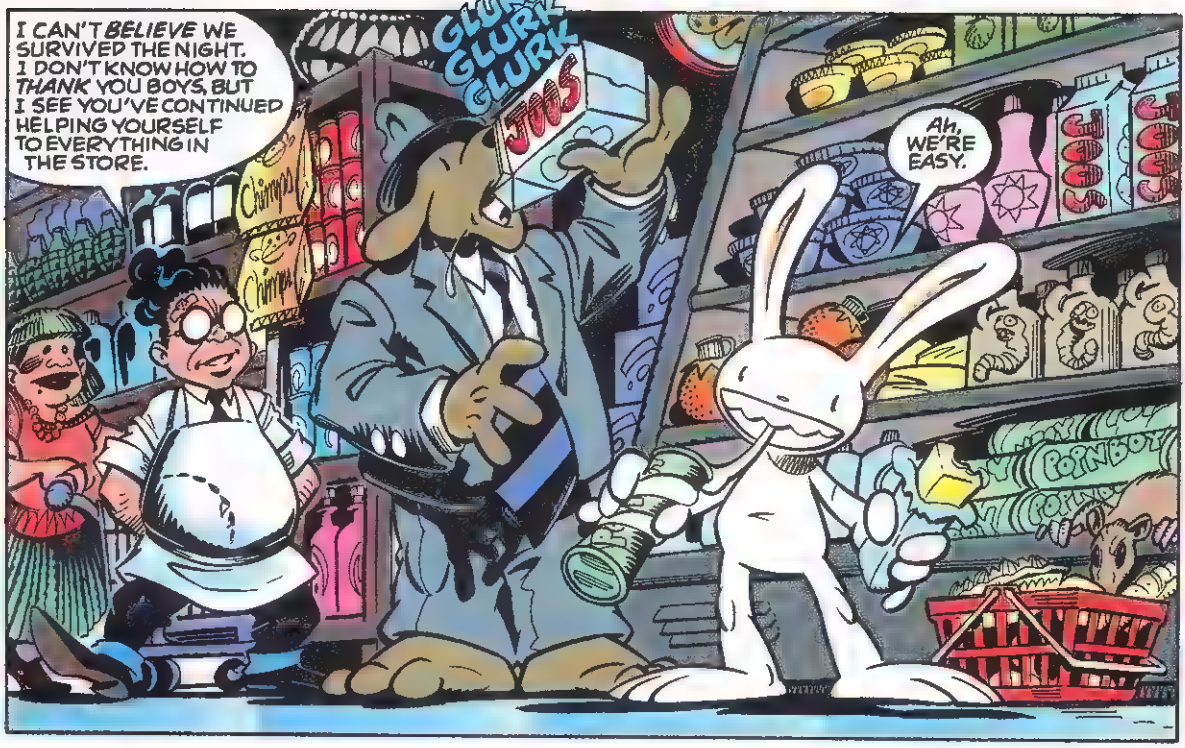
IT HURTS, SAM.
OKAY, SKIP IT.
THE AIR. IT'S CHARGED WITH A PRETERNATURAL EVIL.
UH, THAT'S ME. I HAD ONIONS ON MY KRAUTDOG FOR LUNCH.


OH MY. HE RAN OUT OF PLASM.
OOOF! I THINK I'M OKAY, SAM.
FAAP!
GOOD DEAL, MAX. YOU CAN HELP US CHRONICLE HAIR-RAISING EFFECTS.

DONNUTTY
HERE COMES A HAIR-RAISING EFFECT NOW, SAM. Ooh. Aah.
MMmff!
PHOOP PHOOP PHOOP
DONNUTTY
IT'S HERE! THE BEAST! YIKES!
STAND BACK! I ONCE SAW IT SUCK THE FAT OUT OF A ROTARIAN!
UNNGH!
HERE IT COMES, SAM! I'LL TAKE SOME BLURRY SNAPSHOTS TO SELL TO OUR FAVORITE LAME TABLOID NEWS SHOW!
IT'S MANIFESTING ITSELF IN A SORT OF DEMONICKY, HUMANOIDY SHAPE--JUST LIKE WE HOPED--HEY, THAT'S MY HAT, JACK!
SWIPE


MAX! HAVE YOU GOT THE ROPE READY?
Bing!
YAAWW! YEEEEHAAAHH!
WHERE DO YOU KEEP THAT ROPE, MAX? Oh, NEVER MIND.
NOOO, I CAN'T STAND IT. IT'S KILLING ME! AARRGH!
I'VE NEVER WITNESSED SUCH MIND-NUMBING HORROR--WELL THERE WAS THAT GERIATRIC, NUDE-VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT...

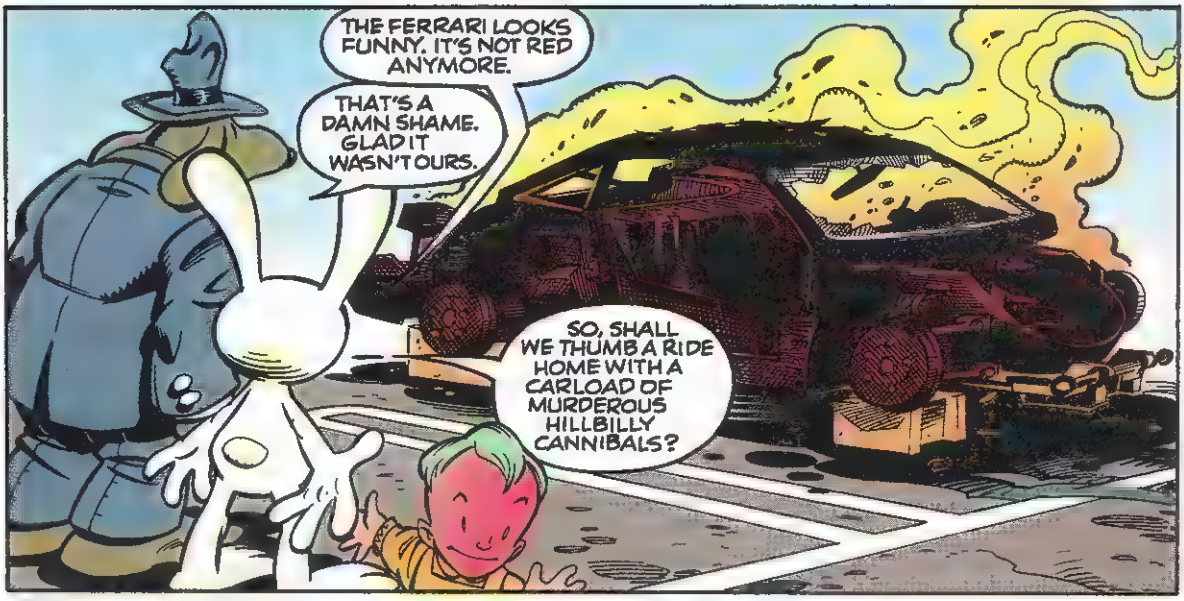
YEEEHH!
YEEEEEEHAAAHH!
GIT ALONG LI'L DOGIE!
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, SAM! IN FACT, I'M NOT HAVING THAT BAD A TIME.
I THINK I MAY SCREAM LIKE A GRANDMOTHER.
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!

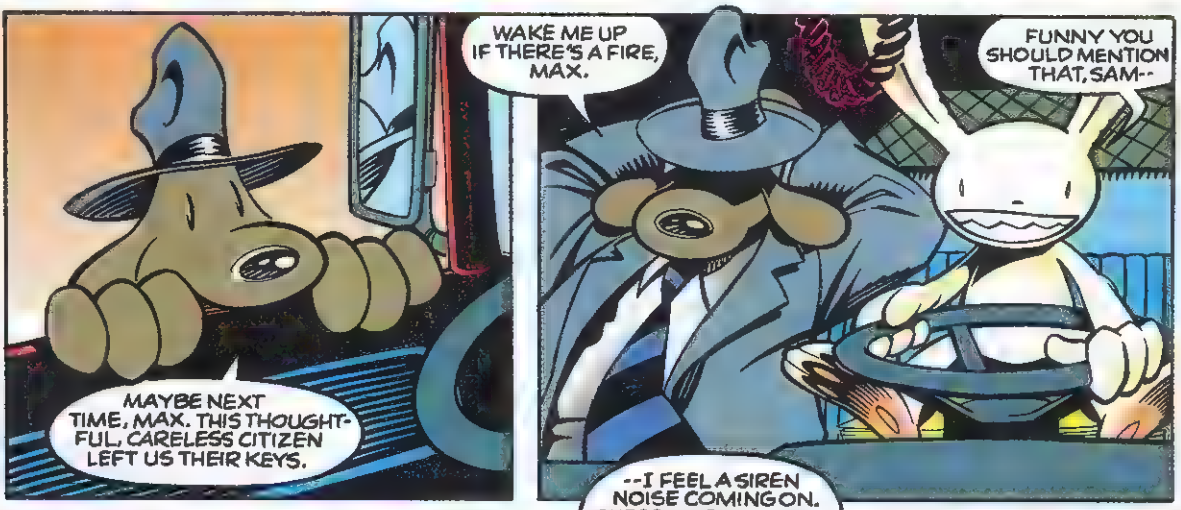

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE SURVIVED THE NIGHT. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU BOYS, BUT I SEE YOU'VE CONTINUED HELPING YOURSELF TO EVERYTHING IN THE STORE.
GLURK GLURK GLURK
JUICE
Chimpa
Chimpa
Ah, WE'RE EASY.
PORNBOY

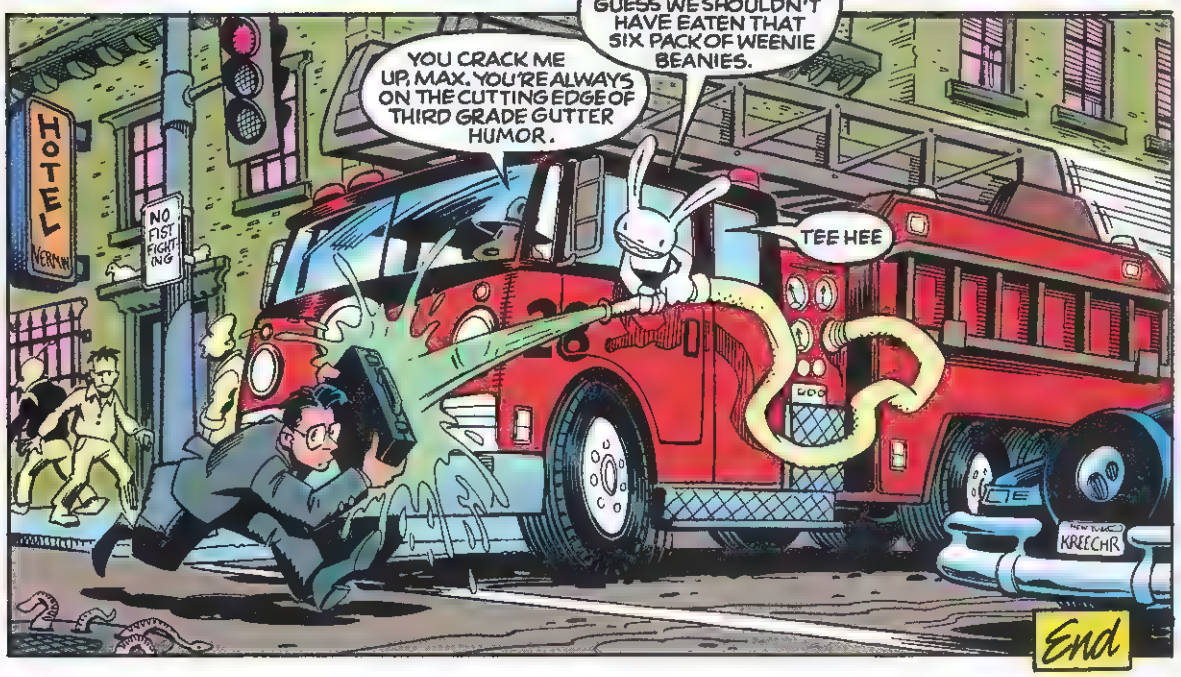
BUT... JUST WHAT WAS THE BEAST FROM THE CEREAL AISLE?
MY BELIEF IS THAT IT REPRESENTED THE COLLECTIVE SORROW AND FRUSTRATION OF ALL THOSE WHOSE APPLE CART AND ROADSIDE BEEF STAND BUSINESSES WERE STEAMROLLED INTO THE GROUND BY COLD, STERILE MEGAMARTS LIKE THIS ONE.
I THINK IT WAS A GHOST.

WE HAVE MAX TO THANK FOR HIS PURSUASIVE METHODS IN CONVINCING THE BEAST TO CHANNEL HIS ANTISOCIAL ENERGIES IN A MORE POSITIVE DIRECTION.
I BIT HIM. TWICE!

WELL, IT WAS TRULY AN AMAZING DISPLAY OF BRAVADO.
WE CALL IT A SUGAR RUSH.
GOODBYE, FREELANCE POLICE. I HOPE OUR PATHS MAY AGAIN CROSS ONE DAY!
NOT BLOODY LIKELY.
IT'S HEARTENING, MAX, TO SEE THAT SUCH A FORCE OF RAW MALEVOLENCE CAN BE PUT TO THE TASK OF ENTERTAINING THE LITTLE ONES. MAKES ME NERVOUS, THOUGH.
WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN, SAM? THAT HE MIGHT TURN ON THOSE TRUSTING, HELPLESS LITTLE BABES LIKE A RABID COYOTE AND...ooh, IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK NEGATIVELY.
RIDE SKIPPY
DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE WE PARKED?
I THOUGHT I DID.
PLOP


THE FERRARI LOOKS FUNNY. IT'S NOT RED ANYMORE.
THAT'S A DAMN SHAME. GLAD IT WASN'T OURS.
SO, SHALL WE THUMB A RIDE HOME WITH A CARLOAD OF MURDEROUS HILLBILLY CANNIBALS?


WAKE ME UP IF THERE'S A FIRE, MAX.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT, SAM--
MAYBE NEXT TIME, MAX. THIS THOUGHTFUL, CARELESS CITIZEN LEFT US THEIR KEYS.


--I FEEL A SIREN NOISE COMING ON. GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT SIX PACK OF WEENIE BEANIES.
YOU CRACK ME UP, MAX. YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF THIRD GRADE GUTTER HUMOR.
TEE HEE
HOTEL
NO FIST FIGHTING
KREECHR
End

REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE BUT SQUAT, INNOCENT WAIFS FROLICKING IN THE TIMELESS BACKYARD OF AN ETERNAL CHILDHOOD?
WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
FLASHBACK, BRICKHEAD!
TERROR ON THE TANBARK
Starring SAM & MAX
AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.
WHAT HAPPENED, SAM?
TRIS MARTINEZ THREW A ROCK AT ME AND WHEN I SAID "OUCH," HE BEAT ME DIZZY FOR IT.
Oh, I SEE.
MAYBE WE COULD ROLL BOULDERS ONTO HIM ON THE WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL. OR... DO YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE PUNGEE STICKS?
TUT TUT, SAM. VIOLENCE ISN'T THE ANSWER. LET'S GET YOU TWO TOGETHER FOR A SERIOUS DISCUSSION OF YOUR DIFFERENCES.
MY PAL SAM WOULD LIKE TO SHAKE YOUR HAND AND CALL YOU FRIEND. IT'S TIME TO LEASH-BACK-UP THE DOGS OF WAR, OR SOMETHING.
BITE ME.
Oh.
FWOOP
Unk.
FWIP
Mphgh!
WAAAH!
SO, HOW WAS THAT?
NEAT. BUT THAT WASN'T TRIS MARTINEZ.
Oops.
END

SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:

MONKEYS VIOLATING the HEAVENLY TEMPLE

BASED ON THE NOVELLA: SAM & MAX MEET SOME BAD GUYS

NEW YORK NEW YORK
IT'S A HELL OF A TOWN
THE BRONX IS UP
AND THE BOWERY'S DOWN
THE MIMES ARE FOOD
FOR THE BUMS UNDERGROUND
NEW YAWK NEW YAAWWWK-♪
THAT'S A CUTE SONG, SAM. I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT.
IT'S FROM ONE OF MY FAVORITE MUSICALS, MAX. IT'S ABOUT A QUAINT FRENCH CIRCUS THAT COMES TO TOWN AND IS IMMEDIATELY CANNIBALIZED BY THE LOCAL MOLE MEN.
CHEAP FILTHY
HOTEL
BUD
LOOK OUT BELOW

THOSE OLD SHOW TUNES MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A LITTLE PUPPY AGAIN.
--BUT I LOVE YOU HONEY, AND I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE.
PLOIK
HEY STOP THAT!
OH, JESUS!
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, MAX?
ME?
I'M JUST SOAKING UP THE ROMANTIC AMBIENCE OF MY FAVORITE CITY!
OH, YEAH? WHERE'S THAT?
CAN WE STOP SOMEPLACE, SAM. I WANT TO WASH MY ADORABLE PAWS.

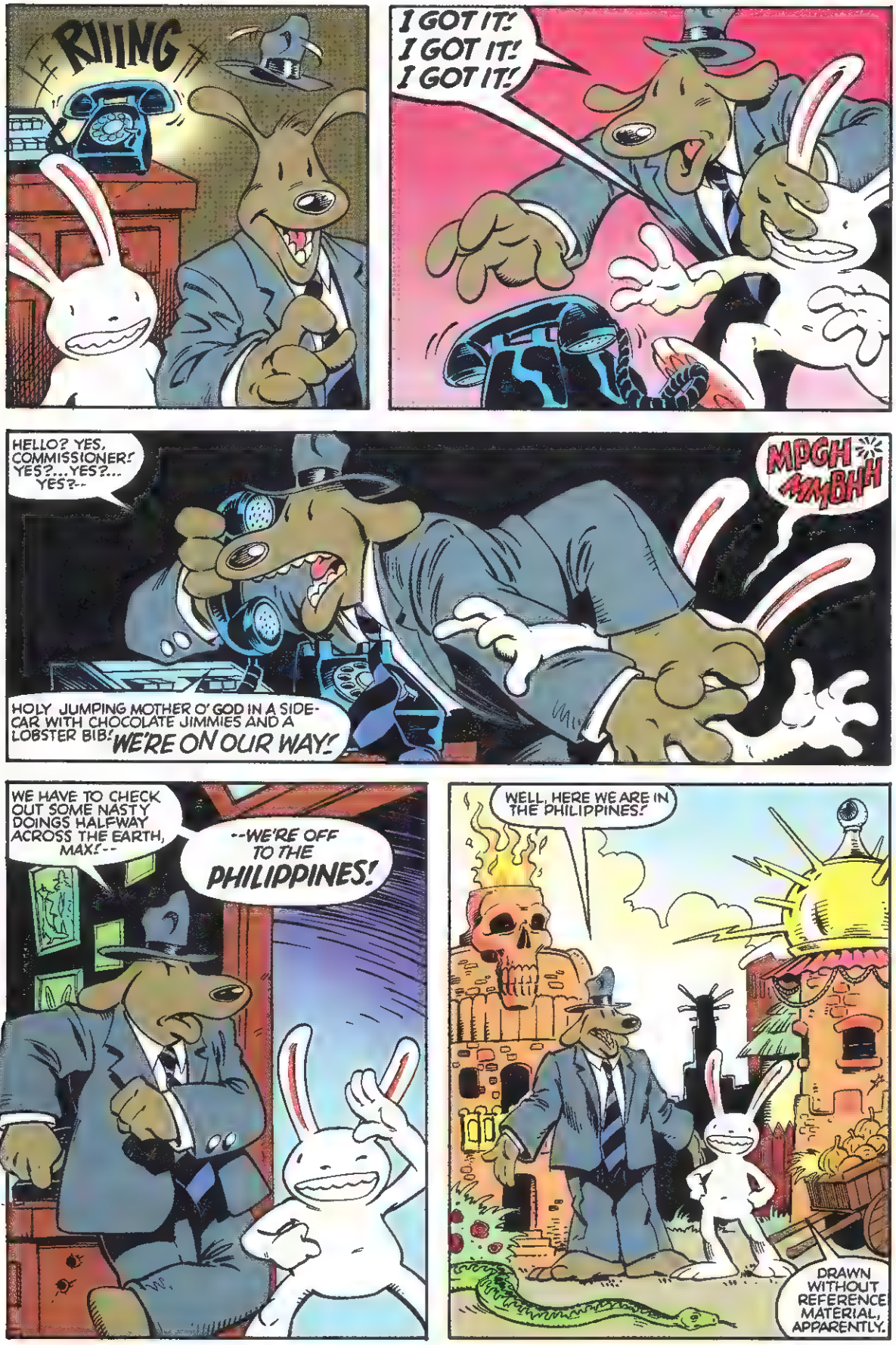
OOF
OOH, LOOKIE MAX, I MEAN, SAM-- IT'S THE APPALLING VISAGE OF CRIME!
RIGHT UNDER OUR BEAKS!
WHAT A PINHEAD! DOES HE NOT FEAR US?!
WE MUST TEACH HIM, MAX! HEY, WHERE DO YOU KEEP THAT GUN?
NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS, SAM.
SHALL WE DANCE?
LET'S!
ERNIE'S
DELI
HEY, HEY, BUDDY, COME HERE! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU A MINUTE!
BLAM BLAM
POK POK
BLAM
YEAH! NO KIDDING! WE WON'T HURT YOU!

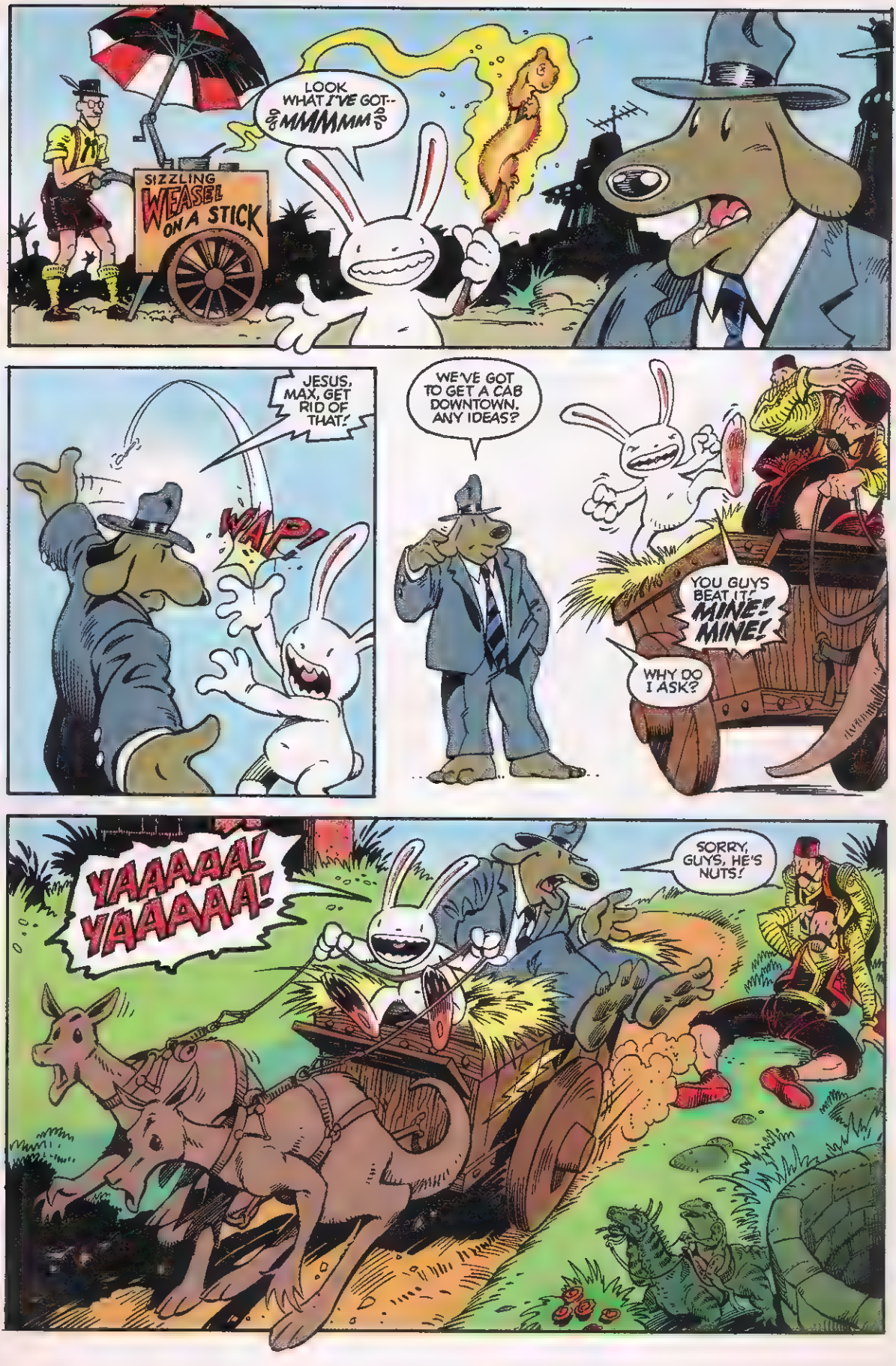
HA! TRAPPED LIKE A RING-TAILED ROCK WALLABY!
LIKE A RAT, IDIOT.
LET ME BITE HIS HEAD!
COUGH UP THE PURSE, JACK, OR I'LL BREATHE RIGHT IN YOUR FACE!
GOOD BOY. NOW GO HOME AND THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
WHAT ARE YOU?
SWAK
FREELANCE POLICE, LADY.
SO WHERE'D YOU PARK THE CAR, MAX?
I DON'T KNOW. I COULDN'T SEE OVER THE WHEEL.
THAT'S OKAY. I THINK I CAN SMELL IT.

HERE WE ARE... WHOOPS!
HEY! YOU BOZOS CAN'T PARK HERE! WHAT ARE YOU... NUTS?
HE IS! IT'S OKAY, Mr. COP. WE'RE SAM AND MAX--FREELANCE POLICE.
POLICE. YEAH. WHERE ARE YOUR BADGES, LUMPY?
BADGES?! WE DON'T NEED NO.. UMPGH!
NYPD
I'VE GOTTA' GET THIS LITTLE ONE BACK TO HIS PADDED PLAYPEN! BYE, NOW!
MAX, IS THAT MOTORCYCLE STILL RATTLING AROUND UNDER THERE?
Uh, I THINK IT'S MOSTLY GONE NOW.
GOOD! NOW GET BACK IN YOUR CAR SEAT BEFORE YOU FALL OUT THE WINDOW.
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE
HERE COME SALMONAX, OR WHATEVER THEY ARE.
I SWEAR I'M GONNA EAT THAT LITTLE GUY FOR DINNER SOME NIGHT.
SAY HELLO TO YOUR UNSAVORY PALS, MAX.
HELLO, UNSAVORY PALS! WHAT'S NEW?
WE'RE GONNA EAT YOU FOR DINNER, FUZZY.
Tee Hee

THOSE GUYS STARE AT ME FUNNY-- THEY PROBABLY WONDER WHERE I GET MY GOOD LOOKS.
FROM A SHARK?
WONDER HOW FLINT PAPER IS DOING? HEY! ANYBODY HOME?!
NOK NOK
YOU CHEAP PUNK!
KSSHH
HI, FLINT! NEED ANY HELP?
HEY, IT'S SAM AND MAX! NO THANKS, LITTLE FRIENDS. I'M HAVING A SWELL TIME-- RIGHT, BONEHEAD?
AH KIH YEW!
KLUD
FLINT PAPER IS INSANE. I REALLY RESPECT THAT.

YIPPEE! I THINK WE GOT SOME MESSAGES ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE! I LOVE THAT!
OBOY! IT'S THE COLORIZED VERSION OF CITIZEN KANE... Oh, MY MISTAKE--IT'S JUST THE FLINTSTONES.
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE
CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY GENUINE
BEEP... HEH HEH HEH HEH SNORT
HAHAHAHA
I AM NO ONE--I AM RESISTOBUSSSSSS
THUP THUP THUP WHIRRRR
click...
Uh oh, SOUNDS LIKE THE MACHINE IS DEMONICALLY POSSESSED AGAIN. BETTER THAN NO MESSAGES AT ALL, THOUGH!
JULY
YETI TRIBE WORSHIPS SPIRIT OF ELVIS
HOWDY DOODY

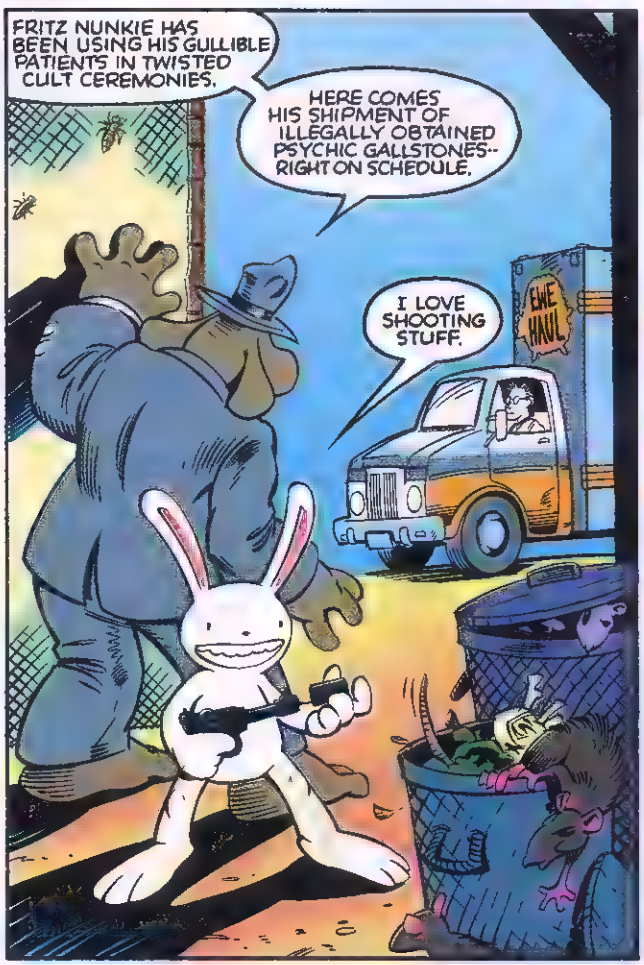

RIIING
I GOT IT! I GOT IT! I GOT IT!
HELLO? YES, COMMISSIONER! YES?...YES?... YES?--
MPGH MMBHH
HOLY JUMPING MOTHER O' GOD IN A SIDE-CAR WITH CHOCOLATE JIMMIES AND A LOBSTER BIB! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
WE HAVE TO CHECK OUT SOME NASTY DOINGS HALFWAY ACROSS THE EARTH, MAX!--
--WE'RE OFF TO THE PHILIPPINES!
WELL, HERE WE ARE IN THE PHILIPPINES!
DRAWN WITHOUT REFERENCE MATERIAL, APPARENTLY.

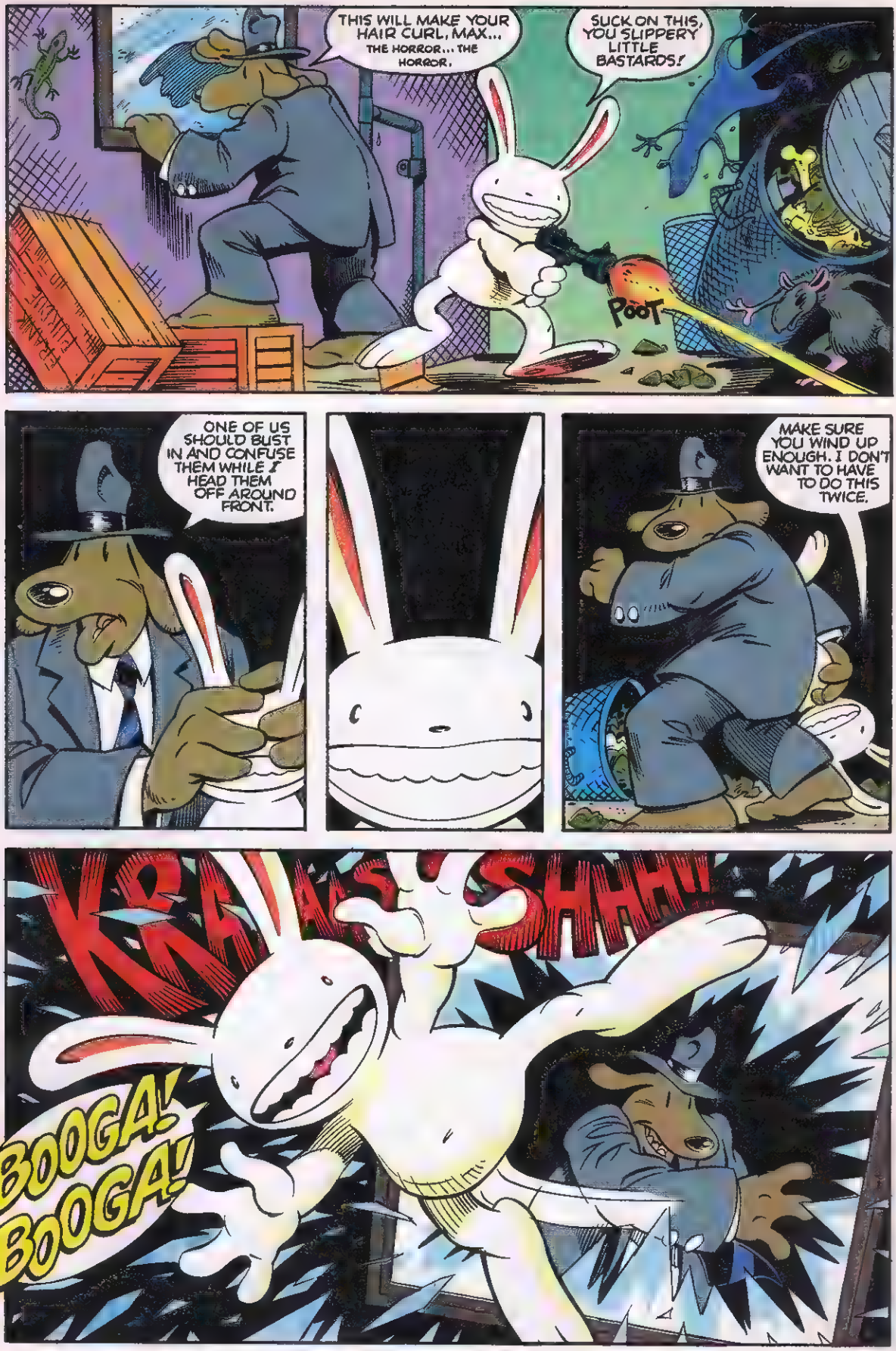

LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT-- MMMMMM
SIZZLING WEASEL ON A STICK
JESUS, MAX, GET RID OF THAT!
WAP!
WE'VE GOT TO GET A CAB DOWNTOWN. ANY IDEAS?
YOU GUYS BEAT IT. MINE! MINE!
WHY DO I ASK?
YAAAAA! YAAAAA!
SORRY, GUYS, HE'S NUTS!

I LIKE IT HERE!
WE'RE REAL CLOSE...I SMELL ...EVIL.
YOU SMELL LIKE A ZOO.
SMART ASS.

PSYCHIC SURGERY
GALLSTONES AND DEMONIC TUMORS REMOVED IN A GORY DISPLAY
MY GOD IN HEAVEN!
ME TOO!

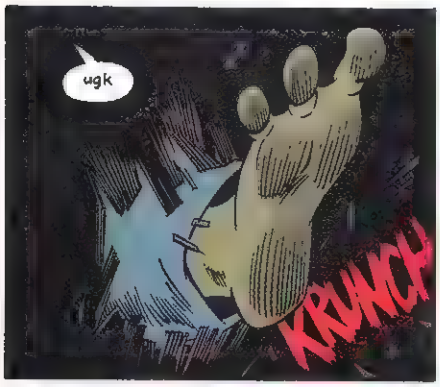
THIS MUST BE THE BOGUS PSYCHIC GALLSTONE OPERATION RUN BY THE DANGEROUSLY INSANE DOCTOR FRITZ NUNKIE, SOMETIMES CALLED "THE ANGEL OF BLOOD!"
OOOOH SCARY. HOW ABOUT "KING O' THE SPOILED POTATO SALAD"?
GET IN THE ALLEY, HAMSTERHEAD.


FRITZ NUNKIE HAS BEEN USING HIS GULLIBLE PATIENTS IN TWISTED CULT CEREMONIES.
HERE COMES HIS SHIPMENT OF ILLEGALLY OBTAINED PSYCHIC GALLSTONES-- RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
I LOVE SHOOTING STUFF.
EWE HAUL


THIS WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR CURL, MAX... THE HORROR... THE HORROR.
SUCK ON THIS, YOU SLIPPERY LITTLE BASTARDS!
POOT
ONE OF US SHOULD BUST IN AND CONFUSE THEM WHILE I HEAD THEM OFF AROUND FRONT.
MAKE SURE YOU WIND UP ENOUGH. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO DO THIS TWICE.
KRAAS
SHHH!
BOOGA! BOOGA!

I'M SURE THE LITTLE GUY WILL KEEP THEM COMPLETELY BAFFLED TILL I GET THERE.
PSYCHIC SURGERY
GALLSTONES
AND DEMONIC TUMORS REMOVED IN A GORY DISPLAY

'DIS MUS' BE DA PLACE.
DOCTOR FRITZ NUNKIE
Hee Hee-- I LOVE THIS PART.


ugk
KRUNCH

FREELANCE POLICE! EVERYBODY FREEZE!
DOCTOR FRITZ NUNKIE
Hello?

Oh, THAT FEELS TERRIBLE.

MAX'S GUN-- IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF HIS POCKET, OR SOMEPLACE.
A MESSAGE IN (Gulp)... BLOOD. IT'S FROM MAX-- THAT'S DEFINITELY HIS HAND-WRITING! WHAT COULD IT MEAN?
KILL A MONSTER
HOPE THE LITTLE GUY'S OKAY.
WHAT A RELIEF-- IT'S ONLY CHICKEN BLOOD--
--THE KIND COMMONLY USED BY FAKE PSYCHIC GALLSTONE GUYS. SENSELESS WASTE OF A CHICKEN, THOUGH.
FRITZ NUNKIE-- PTHOOO!
IF HE SO MUCH AS HARMS A HAIR ON THAT LITTLE MELON HEAD, I'LL TEACH HIM THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE, "SAVAGE PUMMELING."
DOCTOR FRITZ NUNKIE
I THINK MAX CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.
UGLIEST CAT I'VE EVER SEEN.

THE CREEPS MUST HAVE STUCK HIM IN THE DELIVERY TRUCK. I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN *THAT*.
HOPEFULLY HE LEFT ME SOMETHING MORE TO GO ON.
AN EYEBROW! NICE GOING, LITTLE BUDDY!
NOBODY WILL MIND IF I BORROW A BIKE-- DON'T LOOK, KID.
...PAIR OF CHEWED GLASSES... FISTFUL OF NOSE HAIR... I THINK I'M CLOSING IN.
WON'T BE MUCH LEFT OF THE DRIVER.

Aha! KIL-A-MANSTA! LITTLE GUY COULDN'T SPELL IT. THAT'S CUTE.
MT. KILAMANSTA THE PHILIPPINES' MOST BELOVED VOLCANO
DR. FRITZ NUNKIE AND THE SONS OF DOMASADITO ANNUAL JAMBOREE AND POT LUCK SACRIFICE
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE CULT JAMBOREES. IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL GOON GATHERING.
LOTS OF HOWLING AND DRINKING... ORGIASTIC WORSHIP OF HEATHEN IDOLS... GREAT LOOKING CHICKS IN DIAPHANOUS ROBES...
SOUNDS KIND OF INTERESTING...
NO, NO, SAM. BAD... VERY BAD... NOT INTERESTING AT ALL!
HOT DOGS
HUF HUF ALMOST THERE. I CAN HEAR THE YATTERING CROWD. HUF HUF HUF THEY PROBABLY HAVE MAX PINNED UP FOR THEIR UNHOLY, GIBBERING MONSTER PARTY--
HUF HUF HUF GETTING READY TO FEED HIM TO THE BIG BOOGEY THEY THINK LIVES DOWN THE VOLCANO. HUF HUF
I'VE GOT TO RESCUE MY LITTLE PAL--HUF HUF HUF --AND I'VE GOT TO ARREST NUNKIE, FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY (AND CHICKENS)--
HUF HUF HUF --AND I'VE GOTTA LOSE SOME WEIGHT.
WISH WE WERE HOME PLAYING FIZZBALL.
CONTINUED, AFTER THE FOLLOWING PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!

SAM & MAX PRESENT:

LET'S PLAY FIZZBALL

EQUIPMENT:

GET YOURSELF A FEW CASES OF THAT CHEAP, NASTY BEER THAT'S USUALLY FOUND STACKED AND ON SALE NEAR THE CHECKOUT COUNTER RIGHT BEFORE NATIONAL DRINKING HOLIDAYS.

YOU'LL NEED AN AXE OR MATTOCK HANDLE OR SOME KIND OF PRIMITIVE LOOKING BRANCH! THINK ATOMIC WAR-CLUB SIZE! YEAH!

THE PITCHER:

READY TO PLAY? SHAKE THE CAN VIGOROUSLY UNTIL THE LITTLE BALL STARTS RATTLING. OOPS, WRONG GAME. USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. GET ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET FROM THE BATTER TO PITCH.

A REAL EASY UNDERHAND PITCH IS USED. YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STRIKE THE GUY OUT. YOU WANT TO SEE THE CAN BLOW UP, RIGHT? RIGHT!

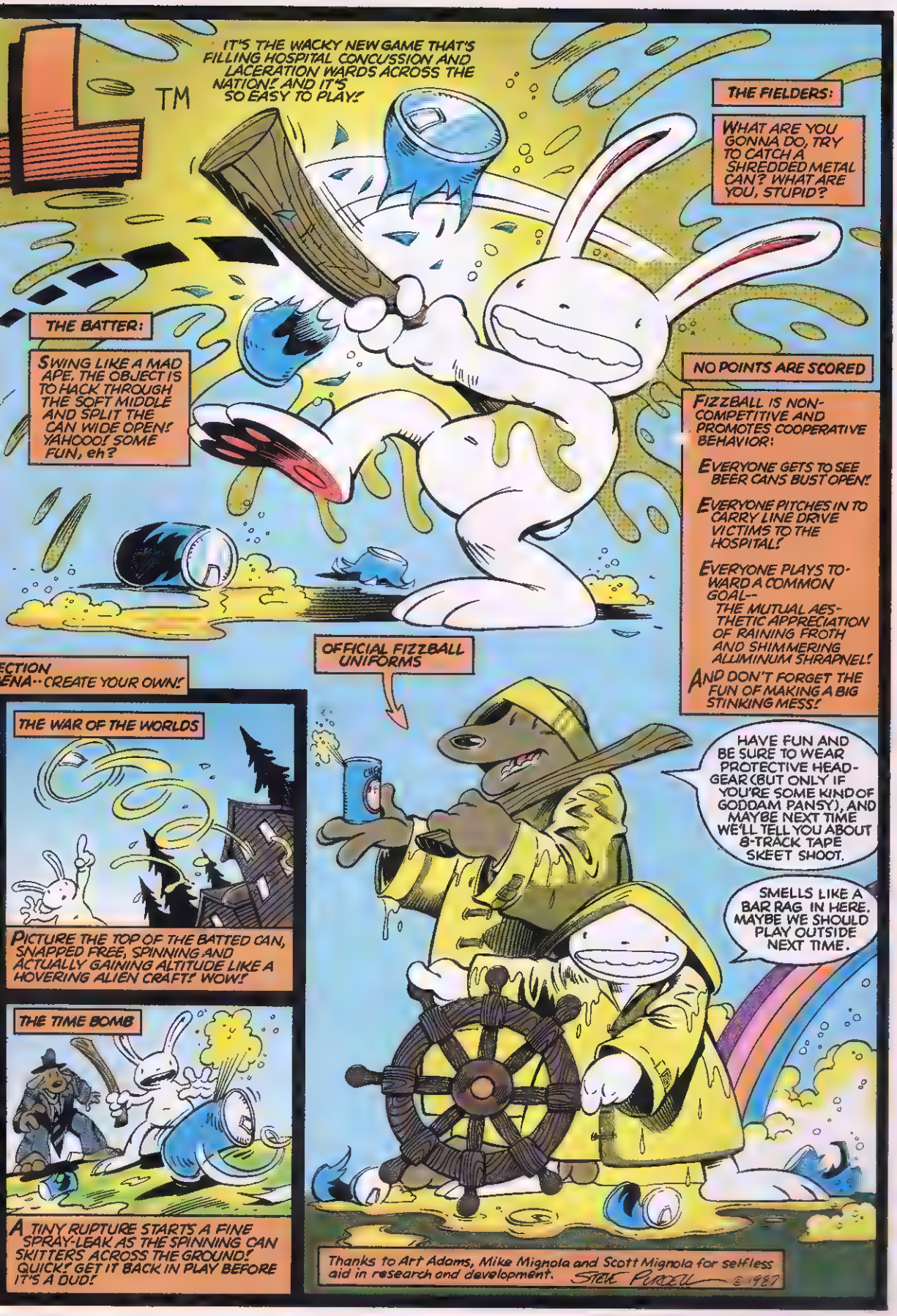
REFERENCE S
VARIOUS FIZZBALL PHENOM

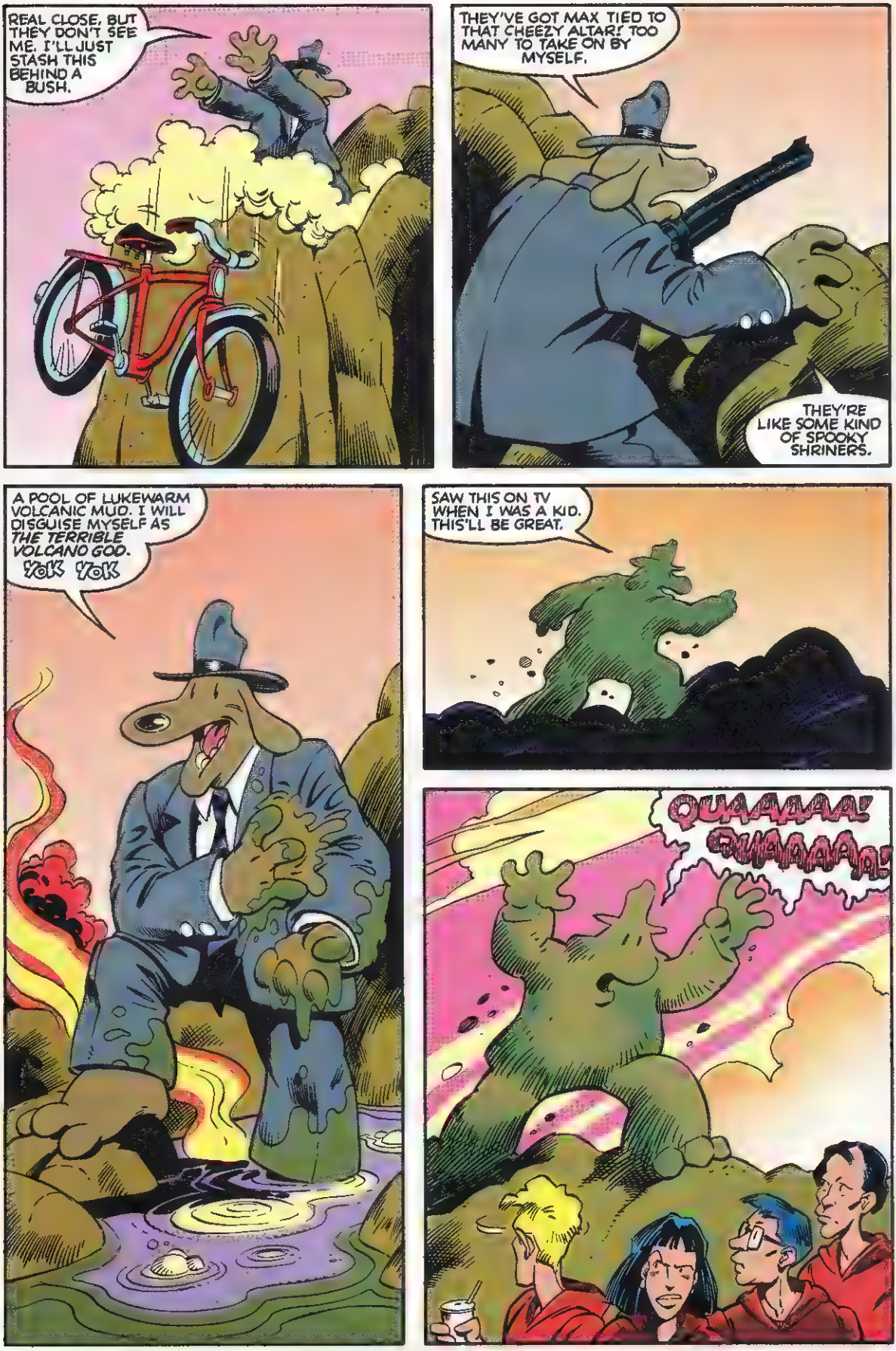
THE PINWHEEL

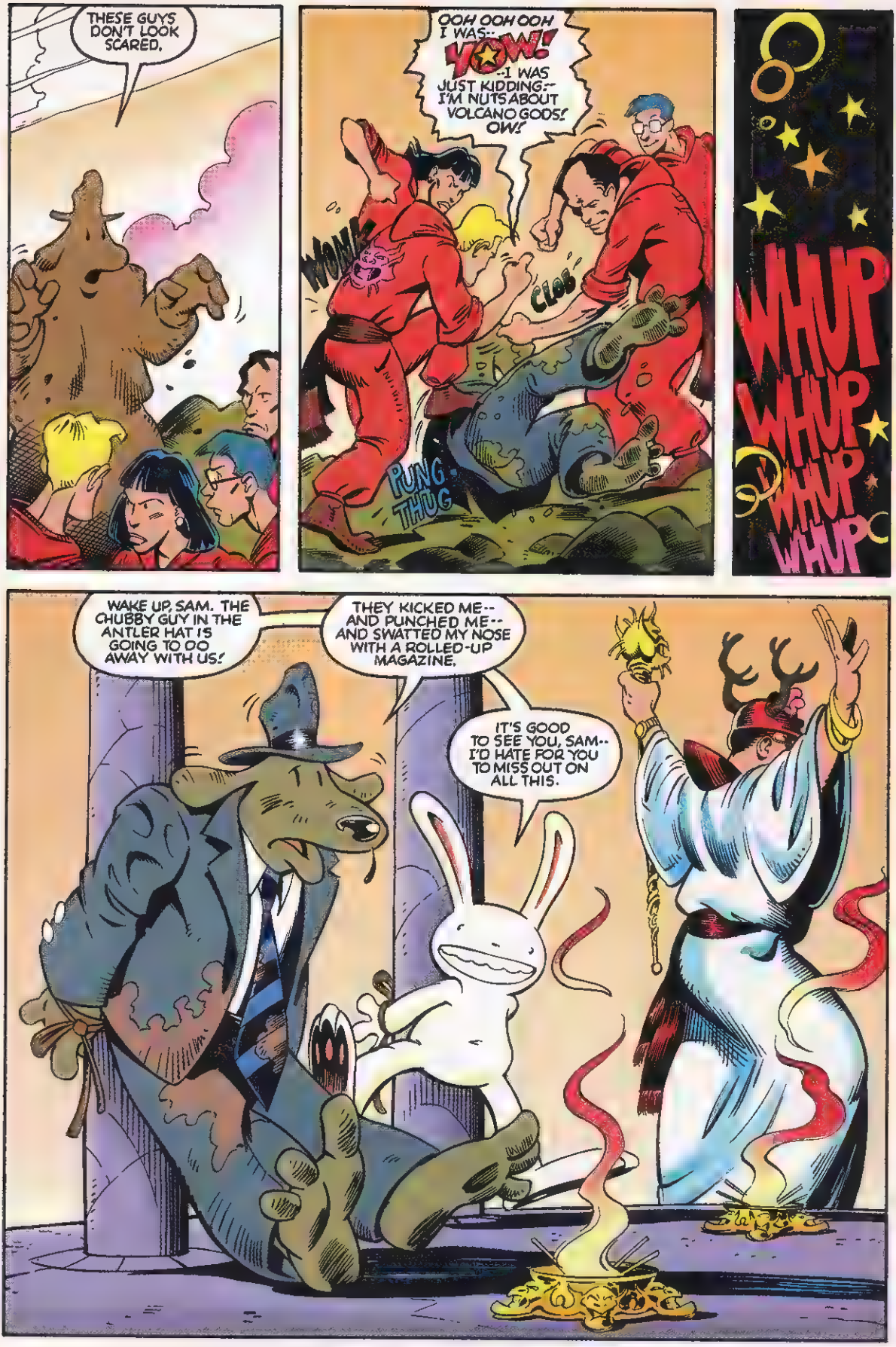
THIS IS A GREAT FIZZBALL EFFECT! THE CAN IS SMACKED OPEN AND ROTATES IN THE AIR FOREVER, DRENCHING EVERYTHING IN A TWENTY-FOOT RADIUS WITH BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS OF FOAM!

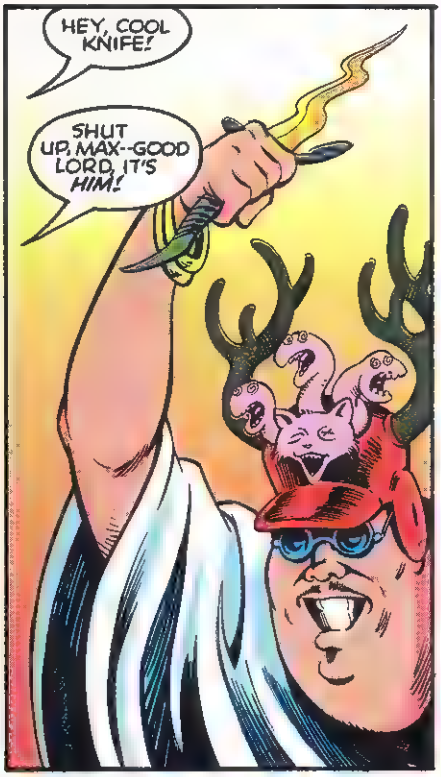
THE CANNONBALL

THIS ONE IS OFTEN FRUSTRATING. THE SWELLING CAN IS BASHED OVER THE FENCE, UNRUPTURED AND OUT OF REACH. BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE KIDS NEXT DOOR WHEN THEY TRY TO OPEN IT. HEE HEE.


IT'S THE WACKY NEW GAME THAT'S FILLING HOSPITAL CONCUSSION AND LACERATION WARDS ACROSS THE NATION! AND IT'S SO EASY TO PLAY!
TM
THE FIELDERS:
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TRY TO CATCH A SHREDDED METAL CAN? WHAT ARE YOU, STUPID?
THE BATTER:
SWING LIKE A MAD APE, THE OBJECT IS TO HACK THROUGH THE SOFT MIDDLE AND SPLIT THE CAN WIDE OPEN! YAHOOO! SOME FUN, eh?
NO POINTS ARE SCORED
FIZZBALL IS NON-COMPETITIVE AND PROMOTES COOPERATIVE BEHAVIOR:
EVERYONE GETS TO SEE BEER CANS BUST OPEN!
EVERYONE PITCHES IN TO CARRY LINE DRIVE VICTIMS TO THE HOSPITAL!
EVERYONE PLAYS TOWARD A COMMON GOAL-- THE MUTUAL AESTHETIC APPRECIATION OF RAINING FROTH AND SHIMMERING ALLIMINUM SHRAPNEL!
AND DON'T FORGET THE FUN OF MAKING A BIG STINKING MESS!
OFFICIAL FIZZBALL UNIFORMS
ECTION
ENA··CREATE YOUR OWN!
THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
PICTURE THE TOP OF THE BATTED CAN, SNAPPED FREE, SPINNING AND ACTUALLY GAINING ALTITUDE LIKE A HOVERING ALIEN CRAFT! WOW!
THE TIME BOMB
A TINY RUPTURE STARTS A FINE SPRAY-LEAK AS THE SPINNING CAN SKITTERS ACROSS THE GROUND! QUICK! GET IT BACK IN PLAY BEFORE IT'S A DUD!
HAVE FUN AND BE SURE TO WEAR PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR (BUT ONLY IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GODDAM PANSY), AND MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT 8-TRACK TAPE SKEET SHOOT.
SMELLS LIKE A BAR RAG IN HERE. MAYBE WE SHOULD PLAY OUTSIDE NEXT TIME.
Thanks to Art Adams, Mike Mignola and Scott Mignola for selfless aid in research and development.
STEVE PURCELL ©1987

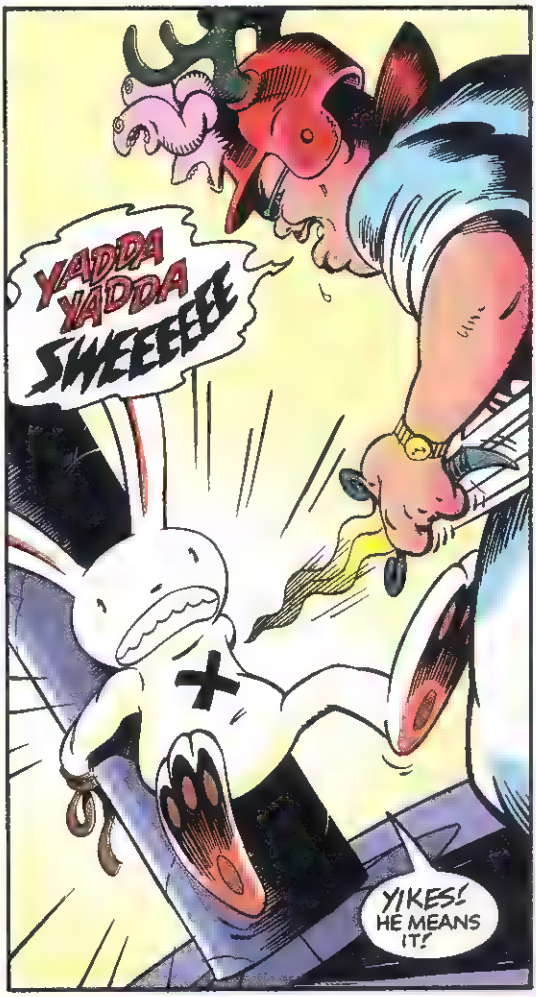

REAL CLOSE, BUT THEY DON'T SEE ME. I'LL JUST STASH THIS BEHIND A BUSH.
THEY'VE GOT MAX TIED TO THAT CHEEZY ALTAR! TOO MANY TO TAKE ON BY MYSELF.
THEY'RE LIKE SOME KIND OF SPOOKY SHRINERS.
A POOL OF LUKEWARM VOLCANIC MUD. I WILL DISGUISE MYSELF AS THE TERRIBLE VOLCANO GOD.
YOK YOK
SAW THIS ON TV WHEN I WAS A KID. THIS'LL BE GREAT.
QUAAAAAA!
QUAAAAAA!

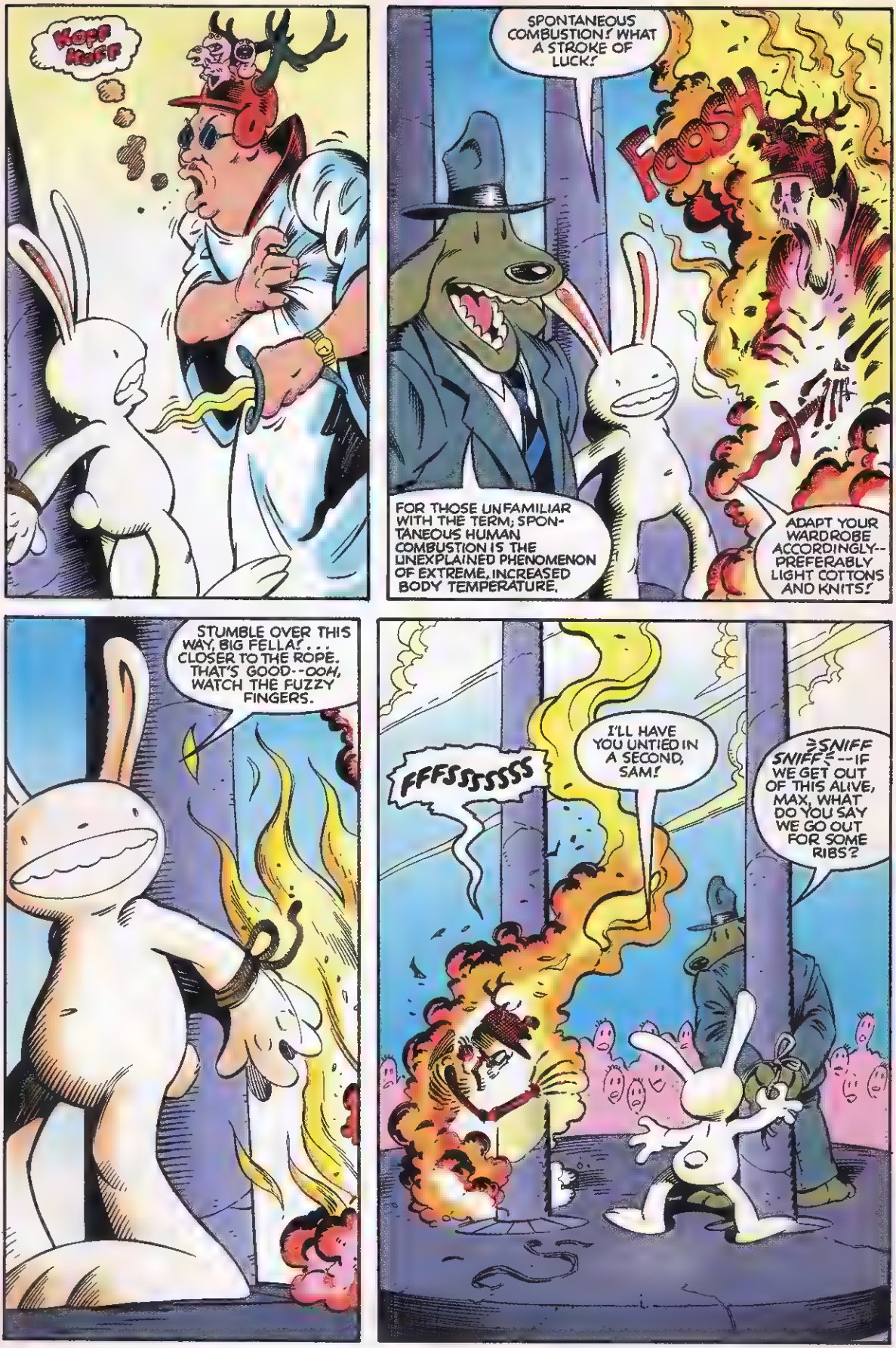

THESE GUYS DON'T LOOK SCARED.
OOH OOH OOH I WAS--
YOW!
--I WAS JUST KIDDING:-- I'M NUTS ABOUT VOLCANO GODS! OW!
WONK
CLOB
PUNG
THUG
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WAKE UP, SAM. THE CHUBBY GUY IN THE ANTLER HAT IS GOING TO DO AWAY WITH US!
THEY KICKED ME-- AND PUNCHED ME-- AND SWATTED MY NOSE WITH A ROLLED-UP MAGAZINE.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, SAM-- I'D HATE FOR YOU TO MISS OUT ON ALL THIS.


HEY, COOL KNIFE!
SHUT UP, MAX--GOOD LORD, IT'S HIM!

WE GATHER BEFORE THE SACRED LORD DOMASADITO IN WHOSE REVERED EFFULGENCE WE BASK! AND NOW, INTO THE CAPRICIOUS DIMINUTIVE ONE I RESOLVE TO PLUNGE THE CONSECRATED CEREMONIAL DAGGER!
HE MUST HAVE GONE TO JUNIOR COLLEGE!

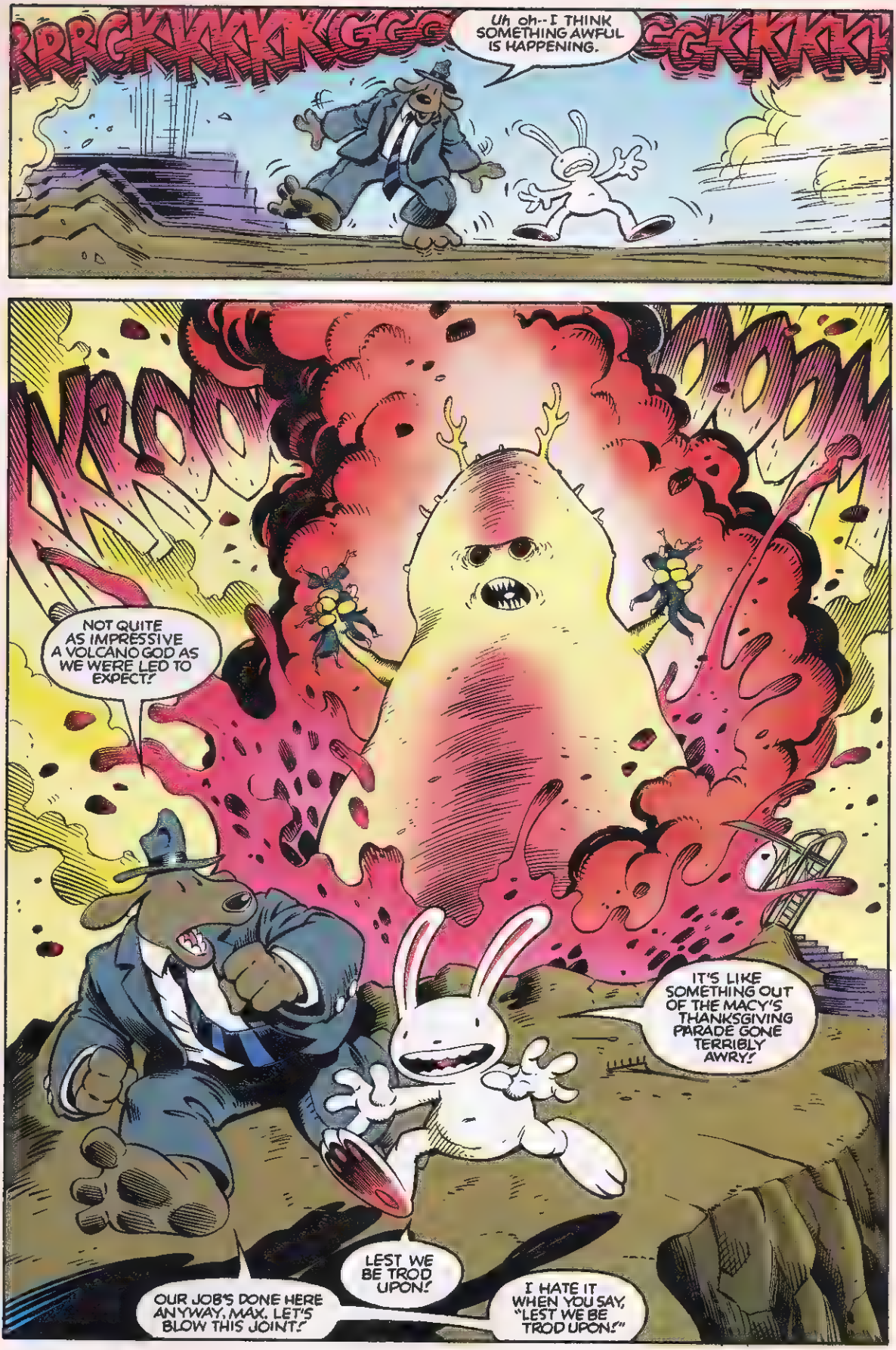
HE MEANS HE'S GOING TO POKE YOU WITH THAT KNIFE. AND THEN I'LL BE FORCED TO JUMP OFF THE HIGHDIVE WITH YOUR ADORABLE CARCASS TIED TO MY HEAD, IF I'VE READ MY VOLCANO GOD CULTS RIGHT.
DID YOU BRING YOUR TRUNKS?
TO DOMASADITO, THE LOFTIEST AND MOST FIERCE, WE CROON THE SACRIFICIAL MEDLEY-- NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG Yadda Yadda SWEEEEE NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG--
--ALL TOGETHER NOW!


YADDA YADDA SWEEEEE
YIKES! HE MEANS IT!

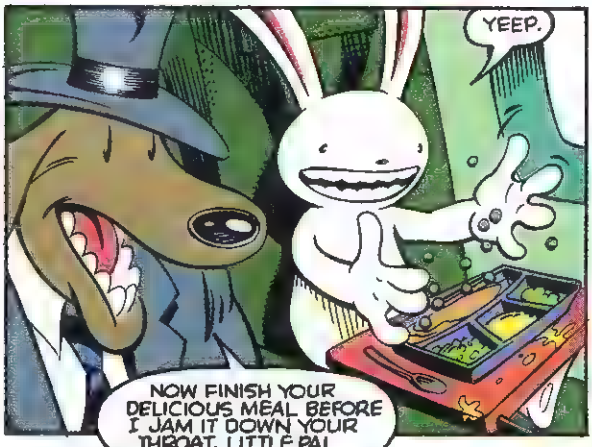

KOFF KOFF
SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!
FOOSH
FOR THOSE UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TERM; SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION IS THE UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON OF EXTREME, INCREASED BODY TEMPERATURE.
ADAPT YOUR WARDROBE ACCORDINGLY--PREFERABLY LIGHT COTTONS AND KNITS!
STUMBLE OVER THIS WAY, BIG FELLA! . . . CLOSER TO THE ROPE. THAT'S GOOD--OOH, WATCH THE FUZZY FINGERS.
FFFSSSSSS
I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIED IN A SECOND, SAM!
SNIFF SNIFF--IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, MAX, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO OUT FOR SOME RIBS?

THE MOB IS GETTING UGLY--
THEY HAD A HEAD-START!
--AND THEY'VE GOT TORCHES AND THOSE *RAKE THINGS* FROM THE OLD FRANKENSTEIN MOVIES!
HELP ME LOOSEN THIS POLE, MAX!
OH, DEAR LORD, LOOK! IT'S DOMASADITO HIMSELF... *ITSELF!*
THEY BOUGHT IT, MAX! READY?

YAAGGHH!
WOOOO WOOOO
CHUGGA CHUGGA
Love my Good-n-Plenty!
HEY, QUIT SHOVING!
KEEP SHOVING, MAX, OR WE'RE GONERS! CAN'T EXPECT MANY MORE COMBUSTIBLE CULTISTS TODAY!
WHEW... I FEEL KIND OF BAD ABOUT ALL THIS.
BUT THEY HAD TORCHES AND FRANKENSTEIN RAKES!
Oh. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.


RRRGKKKKKKGGG
Uh oh--I THINK SOMETHING AWFUL IS HAPPENING.
GGKKKKK
KABOOM
NOT QUITE AS IMPRESSIVE A VOLCANO GOD AS WE WERE LED TO EXPECT!
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MACY'S THANKSGIVING PARADE GONE TERRIBLY AWRY!
LEST WE BE TROD UPON!
OUR JOB'S DONE HERE ANYWAY, MAX. LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT!
I HATE IT WHEN YOU SAY, "LEST WE BE TROD UPON!"

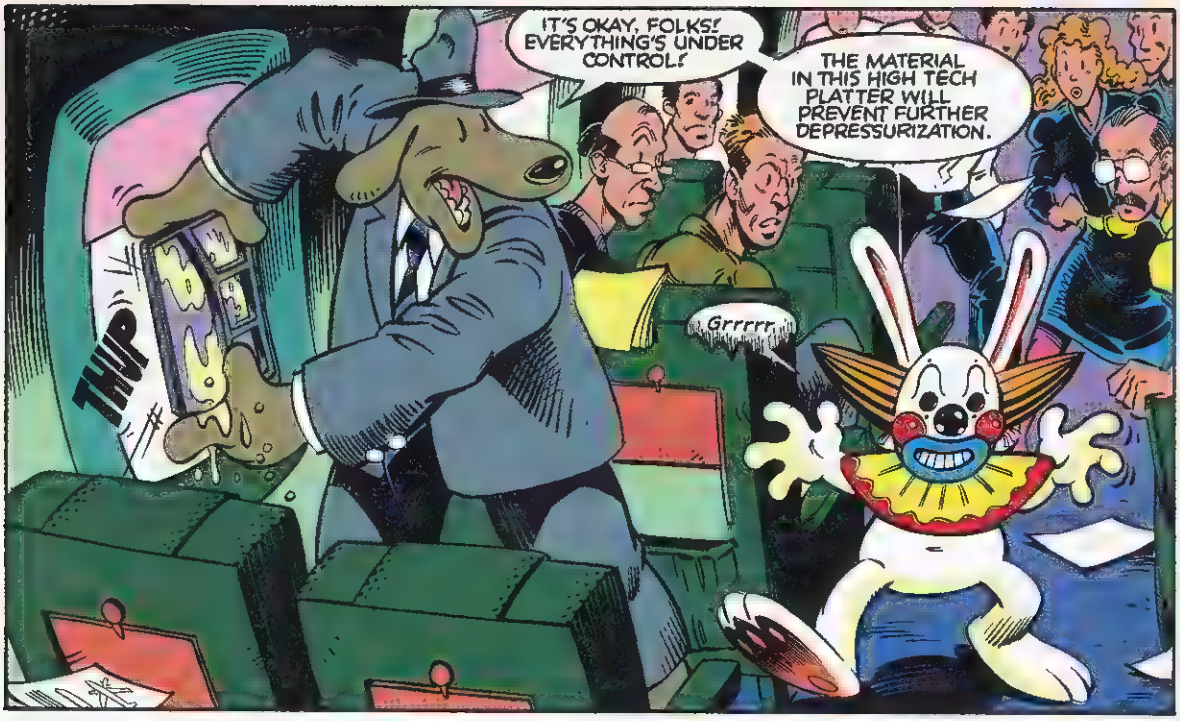
I THOUGHT WE WERE FINISHED WHEN THOSE YOWLING CULTISTS CAME AT US! HOW ABOUT YOU, MAX?
WHAT CULTISTS?
Uh... FORGET IT, BUDDY.
CAN I SPIT OUT THE WINDOW, SAM?
NO WAY, MAX-- WE'RE ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN MILLION FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL-- YOU'D BE SUCKED INTO THE SCREAMING VOID OF SPACE.

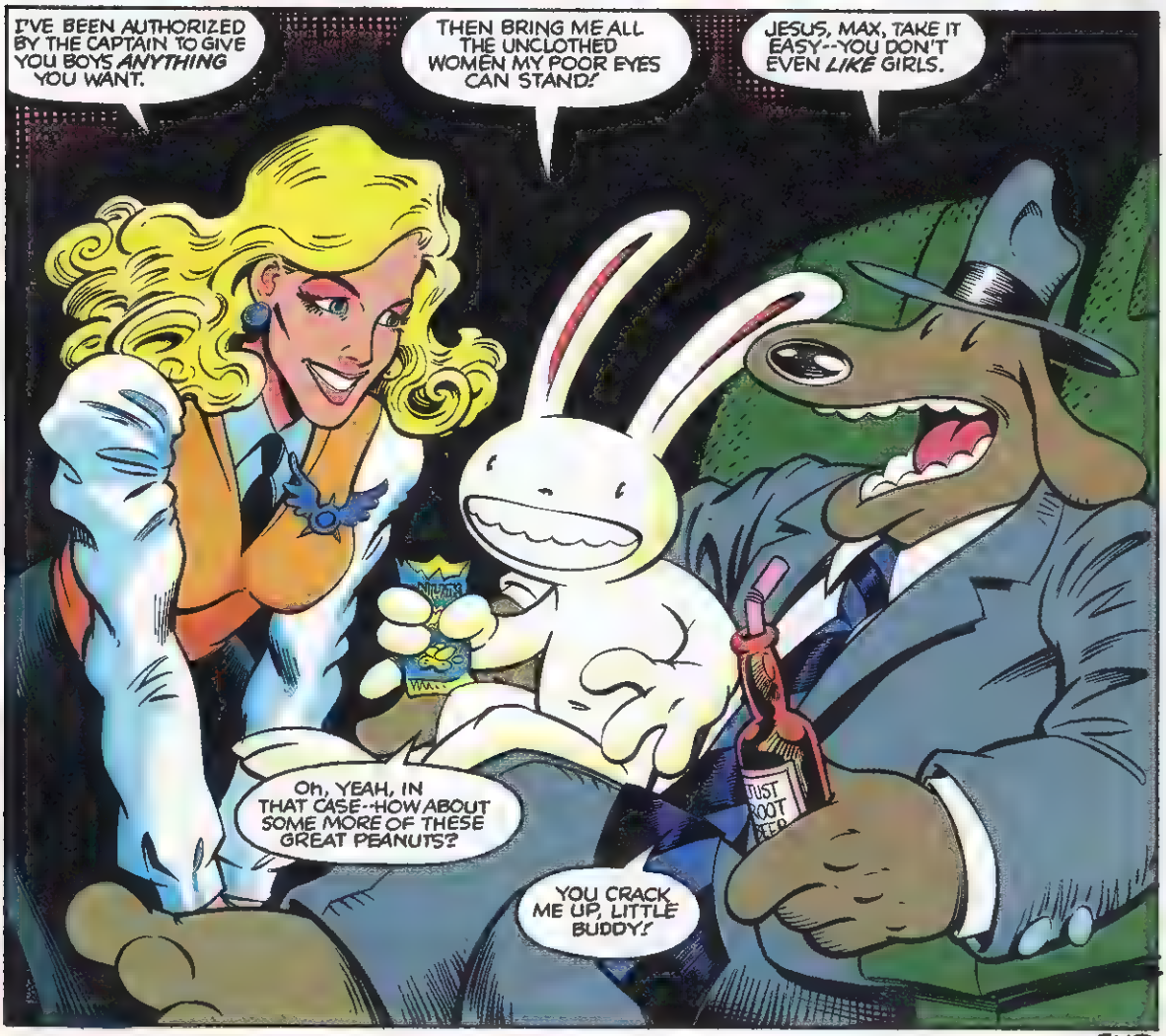

YEEP.
NOW FINISH YOUR DELICIOUS MEAL BEFORE I JAM IT DOWN YOUR THROAT, LITTLE PAL.

I'VE GOT TO TAKE A WALK-- THIS IS GRISLY.

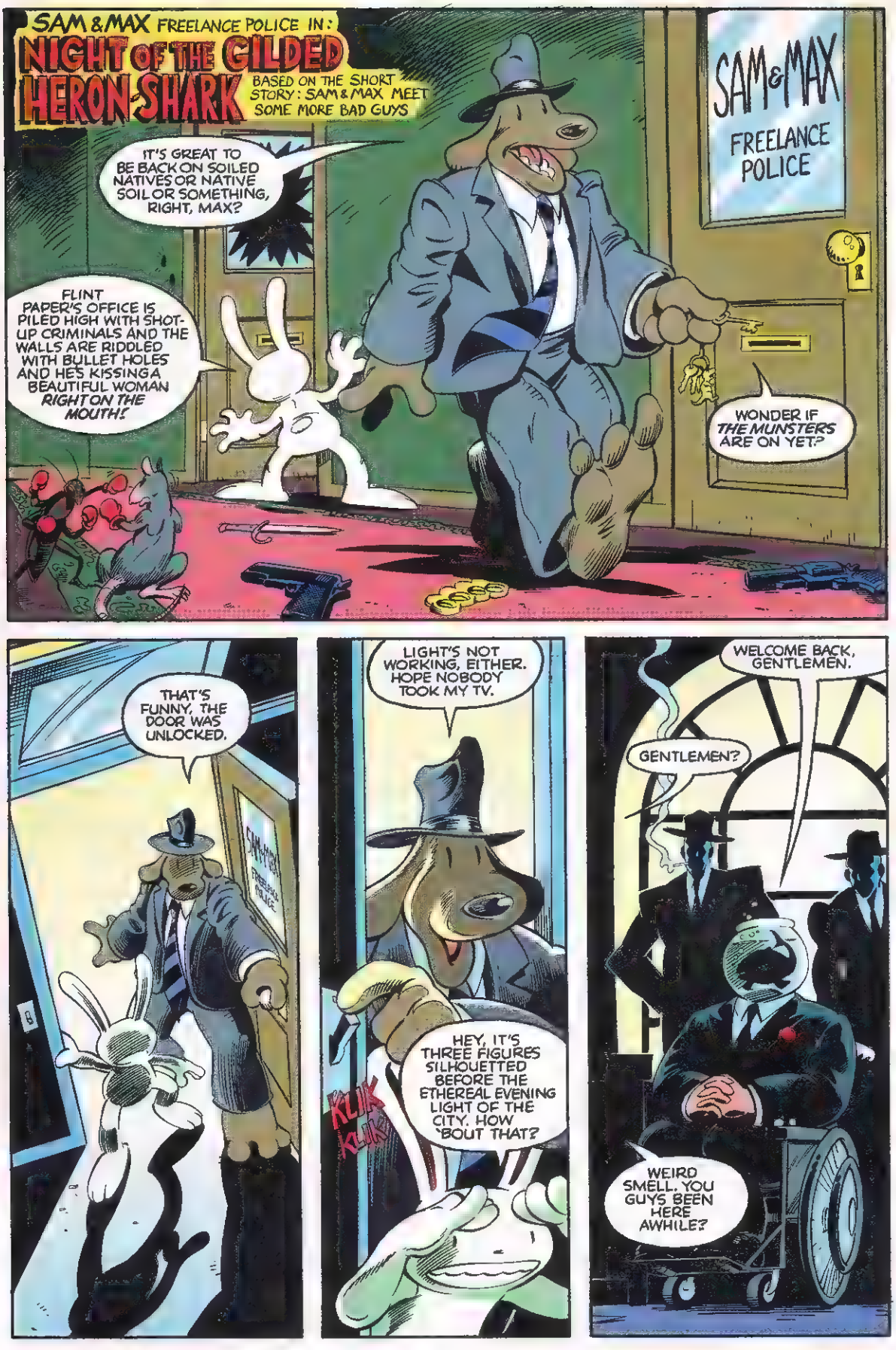
GET BACK IN YOUR SEAT!
BUT I ATE MY DINNER! YOU FLIGHT ATTENDANTS ARE GETTING NASTIER.
IDIOT, I'M A TERRORIST HIJACKER!
A CLOWN TERRORIST...HOW HORRIBLE.
IT'S A MASK, YOU CLOT!

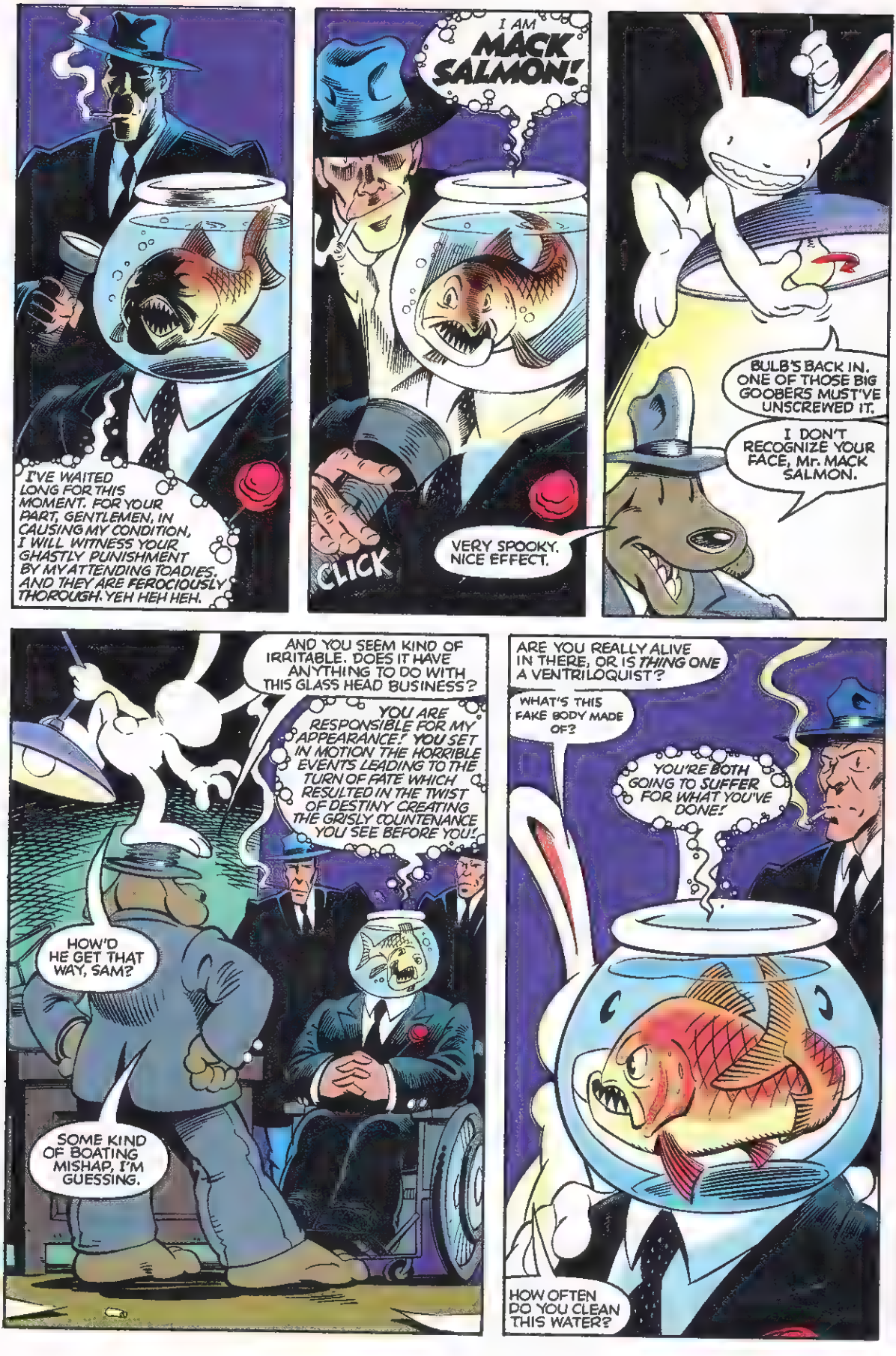
I CAN'T BREATHE IN THIS DAMN THING.
NOW LISTEN HERE--YOU ARE ALL HOSTAGES OF THE POLITICAL LIBERATION FORCE OF BLEAH BLEAH BLEAH BLEAH BLEAH...
WATCH THIS, MAX. YOU'LL LIKE IT.
OH, MISTER TERRORIST!
KLUNK
RUDITAT
SSSSSHHHMEEEEEEEERKP
THE FUN NEVER STOPS WITH THE FUN FACTORY! HANG ON, MAX!
CHEEZE WHIZZORAMA, SAM--THAT'S NEAT!


IT'S OKAY, FOLKS! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!
THE MATERIAL IN THIS HIGH TECH PLATTER WILL PREVENT FURTHER DEPRESSURIZATION.
THUP
Grrrrr


I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY THE CAPTAIN TO GIVE YOU BOYS *ANYTHING* YOU WANT.
THEN BRING ME ALL THE UNCLOTHED WOMEN MY POOR EYES CAN STAND!
JESUS, MAX, TAKE IT EASY--YOU DON'T EVEN *LIKE* GIRLS.
Oh, YEAH, IN THAT CASE--HOW ABOUT SOME MORE OF THESE GREAT PEANUTS?
YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE BUDDY!

END

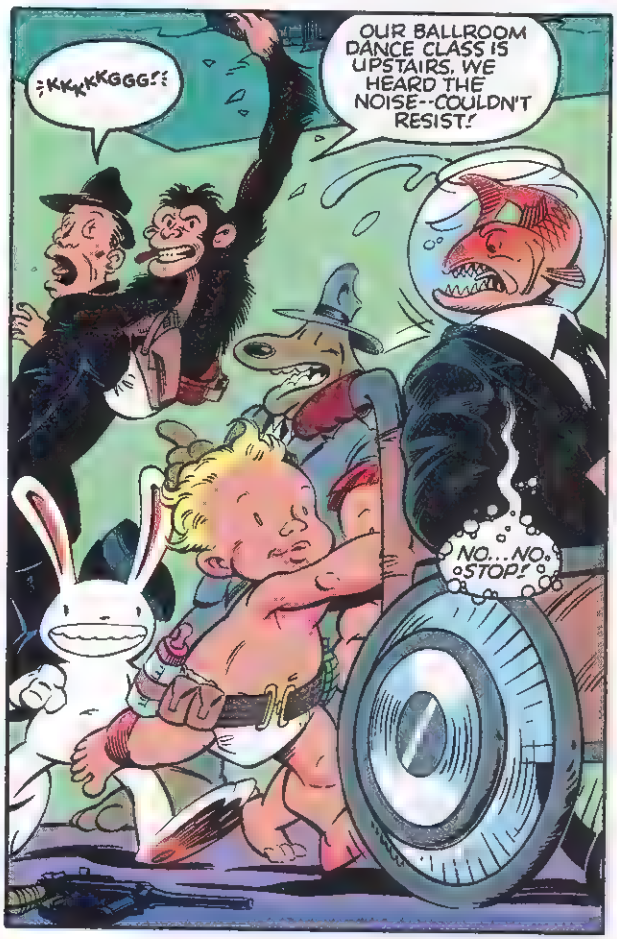

SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
NIGHT OF THE GILDED HERON-SHARK
BASED ON THE SHORT STORY: SAM & MAX MEET SOME MORE BAD GUYS
IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK ON SOILED NATIVES OR NATIVE SOIL OR SOMETHING, RIGHT, MAX?
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE
FLINT PAPER'S OFFICE IS PILED HIGH WITH SHOT-UP CRIMINALS AND THE WALLS ARE RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES AND HE'S KISSING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN RIGHT ON THE MOUTH!
WONDER IF THE MUNSTERS ARE ON YET?
THAT'S FUNNY, THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED.
LIGHT'S NOT WORKING, EITHER. HOPE NOBODY TOOK MY TV.
KLIK KLIK
HEY, IT'S THREE FIGURES SILHOUETTED BEFORE THE ETHEREAL EVENING LIGHT OF THE CITY. HOW 'BOUT THAT?
WELCOME BACK, GENTLEMEN.
GENTLEMEN?
WEIRD SMELL. YOU GUYS BEEN HERE AWHILE?

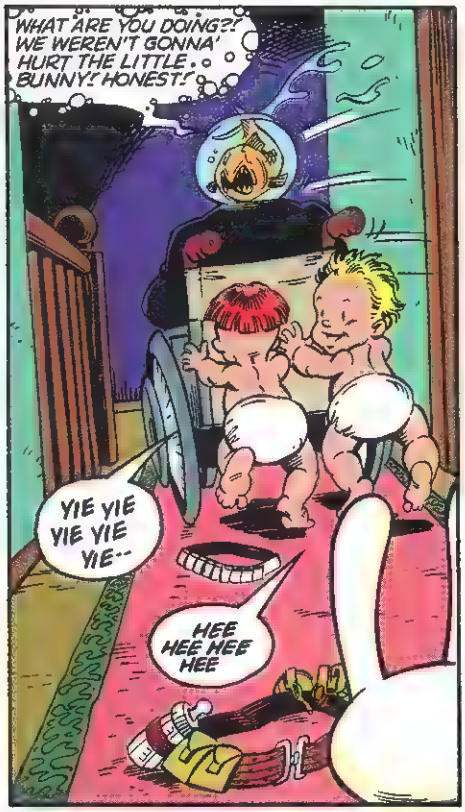

I'VE WAITED LONG FOR THIS MOMENT. FOR YOUR PART, GENTLEMEN, IN CAUSING MY CONDITION, I WILL WITNESS YOUR GHASTLY PUNISHMENT BY MY ATTENDING TOADIES. AND THEY ARE FEROCIOUSLY THOROUGH. YEH HEH HEH.
I AM MACK SALMON!
CLICK
VERY SPOOKY. NICE EFFECT.
BULB'S BACK IN. ONE OF THOSE BIG GOOBERS MUST'VE UNSCREWED IT.
I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE, Mr. MACK SALMON.
AND YOU SEEM KIND OF IRRITABLE. DOES IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS GLASS HEAD BUSINESS?
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY APPEARANCE! YOU SET IN MOTION THE HORRIBLE EVENTS LEADING TO THE TURN OF FATE WHICH RESULTED IN THE TWIST OF DESTINY CREATING THE GRISLY COUNTENANCE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!
HOW'D HE GET THAT WAY, SAM?
SOME KIND OF BOATING MISHAP, I'M GUESSING.
ARE YOU REALLY ALIVE IN THERE, OR IS THING ONE A VENTRILOQUIST?
WHAT'S THIS FAKE BODY MADE OF?
YOU'RE BOTH GOING TO SUFFER FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
HOW OFTEN DO YOU CLEAN THIS WATER?

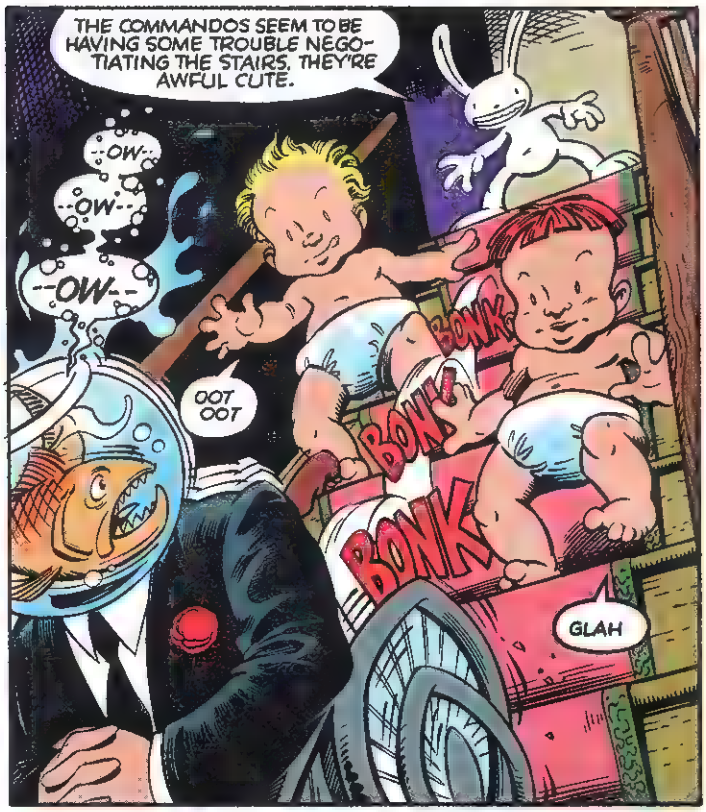
GOOCHY-GOOCHY-GOO... Ooh, WARM AND SQUISHY!
NOW YOU STOP THAT! HELP! Mr. WATSON, GO GET HIM! SIC' HIM UP, BOY!
LINTBALL SOM'BITCH!
SMAK
Uh-oh. BAD MOVE, Mr. WATSON.
NOW YOOL DIE NASTY!
DO IT! DO IT!
SNORT!

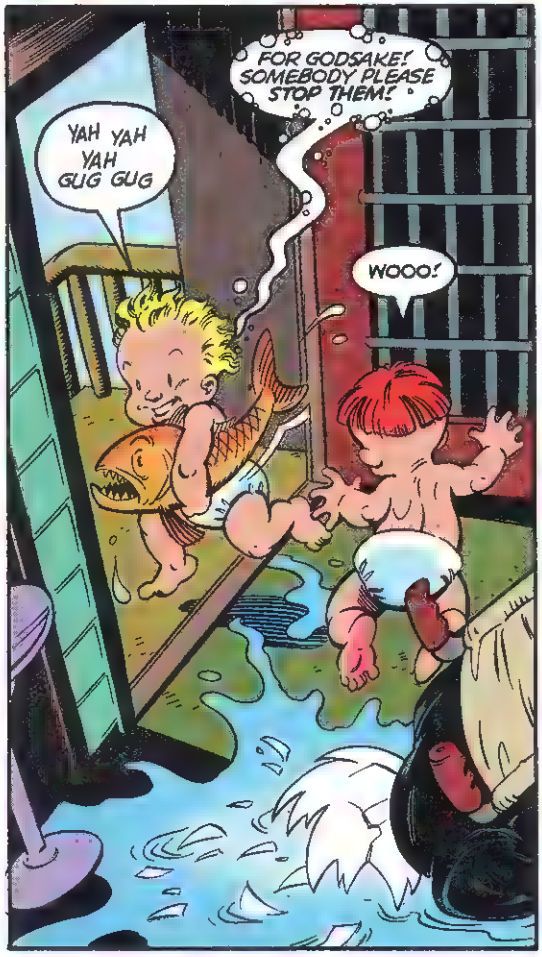
IT'S THE RUBBER PANTS COMMANDOS!!
YIP! YIP! YIP!
HOOOOOO!
THEY'RE MY FAVORITE!

WHAT WERE YOU GUYS DOING IN THE CEILING?
♪uh-ohhh!♪
BOOM!
KISH


:KKKKKGGG!:
OUR BALLROOM DANCE CLASS IS UPSTAIRS. WE HEARD THE NOISE--COULDN'T RESIST!
NO... NO. STOP!

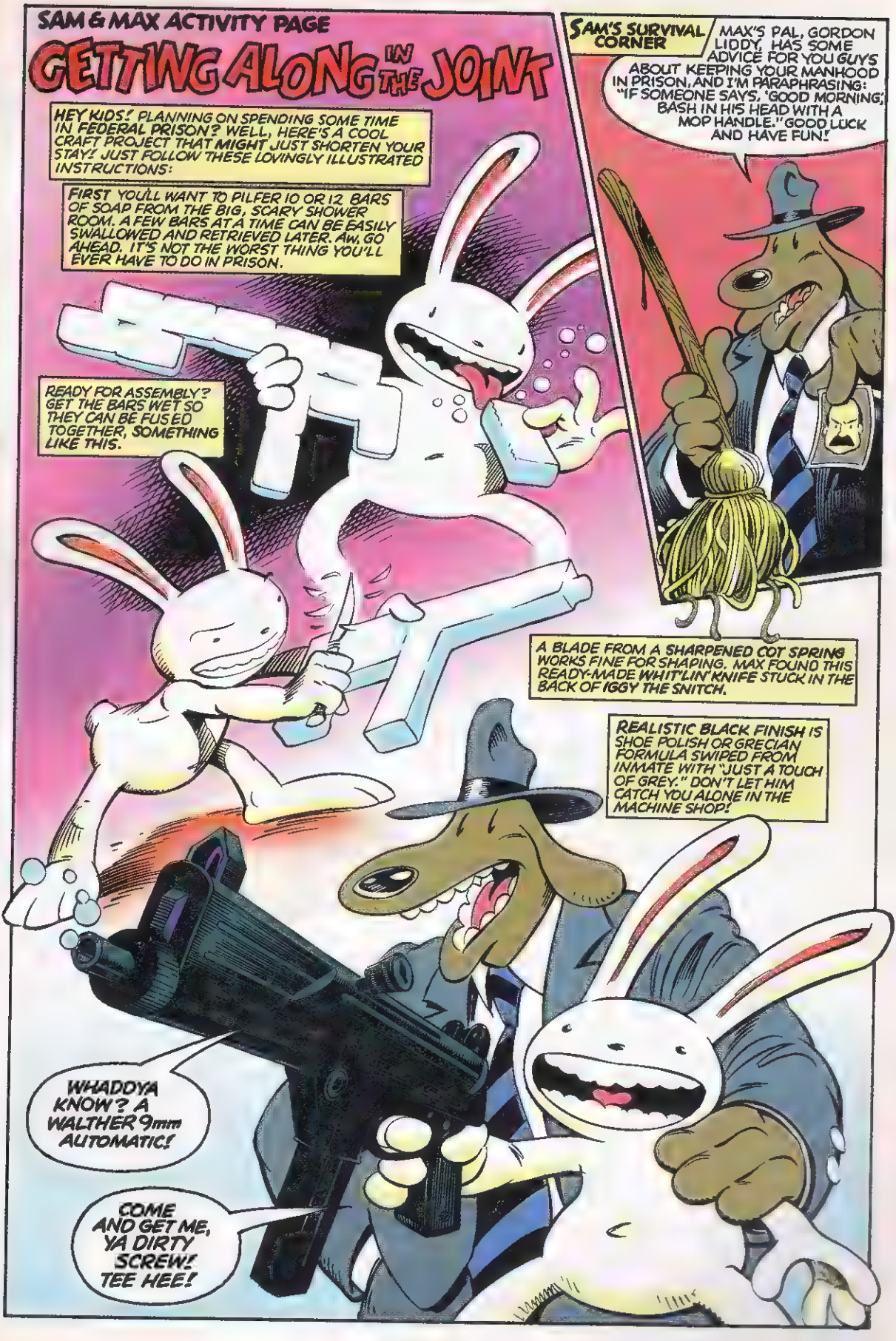

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! WE WEREN'T GONNA' HURT THE LITTLE... BUNNY! HONEST!
YIE YIE YIE YIE YIE--
HEE HEE HEE HEE

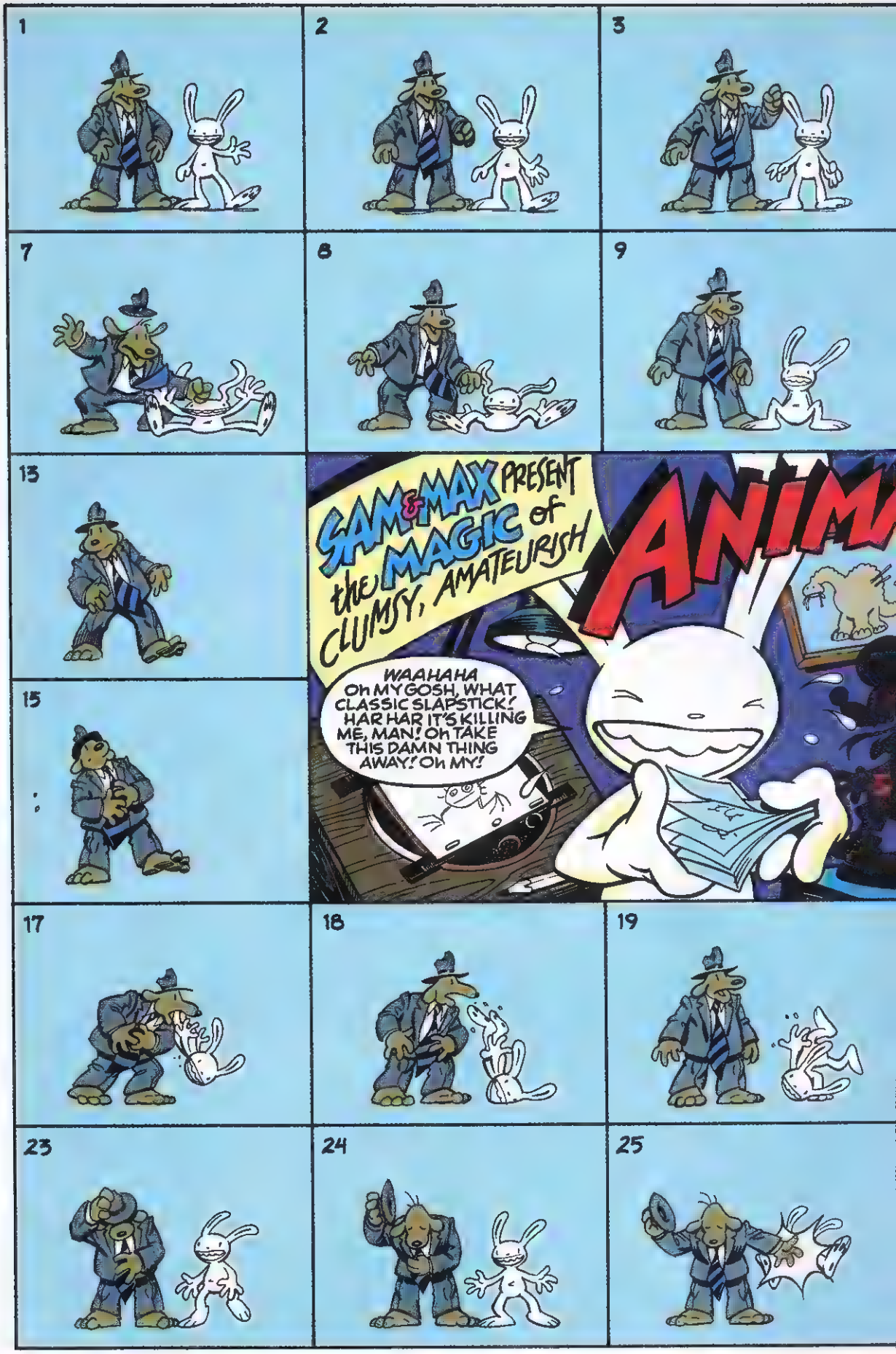

THE COMMANDOS SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME TROUBLE NEGOTIATING THE STAIRS, THEY'RE AWFUL CUTE.
-OW-
-OW-
-OW-
OOT OOT
BONK
BONK
BONK
GLAH


FOR GODSAKE! SOMEBODY PLEASE STOP THEM!
YAH YAH YAH GUG GUG
WOOO!

THEY'RE BELLYBOARDING DOWN THE STREET ON THAT POOR FISH-MAN!
HAVE THOSE GUYS BEEN EATING A LOT OF SUGARY CEREALS?
AREN'T YOU TOO OLD FOR RUBBER PANTS, SERGEANT BLIP?
EVER SEEN A CHIMP'S REAR END?... GRUESOME.
CAN WE BUY YOU A CUP OF COFFEE OR SOME BEEZLENUTS?
NO THANKS. JUST GETTING TO HURT PEOPLE AND RUIN THINGS IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR THE RUBBER PANTS COMMANDOS!
TEE HEE

END


SAM & MAX ACTIVITY PAGE
GETTING ALONG IN THE JOINT
HEY KIDS! PLANNING ON SPENDING SOME TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON? WELL, HERE'S A COOL CRAFT PROJECT THAT MIGHT JUST SHORTEN YOUR STAY! JUST FOLLOW THESE LOVINGLY ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS:
FIRST YOU'LL WANT TO PILFER 10 OR 12 BARS OF SOAP FROM THE BIG, SCARY SHOWER ROOM. A FEW BARS AT A TIME CAN BE EASILY SWALLOWED AND RETRIEVED LATER. AW, GO AHEAD. IT'S NOT THE WORST THING YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO IN PRISON.
READY FOR ASSEMBLY? GET THE BARS WET SO THEY CAN BE FUSED TOGETHER, SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
SAM'S SURVIVAL CORNER
MAX'S PAL, GORDON LIDDY, HAS SOME ADVICE FOR YOU GUYS ABOUT KEEPING YOUR MANHOOD IN PRISON, AND I'M PARAPHRASING: "IF SOMEONE SAYS, 'GOOD MORNING,' BASH IN HIS HEAD WITH A MOP HANDLE." GOOD LUCK AND HAVE FUN!
A BLADE FROM A SHARPENED COT SPRING WORKS FINE FOR SHAPING. MAX FOUND THIS READY-MADE WHIT'LIN' KNIFE STUCK IN THE BACK OF IGGY THE SNITCH.
REALISTIC BLACK FINISH IS SHOE POLISH OR GRECIAN FORMULA SWIPED FROM INMATE WITH "JUST A TOUCH OF GREY." DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU ALONE IN THE MACHINE SHOP!
WHADDYA KNOW? A WALTHER 9mm AUTOMATIC!
COME AND GET ME, YA DIRTY SCREW! TEE HEE!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13
SAM & MAX PRESENT the MAGIC of CLUMSY, AMATEURISH
ANIMA
WAAHAHA Oh MY GOSH, WHAT CLASSIC SLAPSTICK! HAR HAR IT'S KILLING ME, MAN! Oh TAKE THIS DAMN THING AWAY! Oh MY!
15
17
18
19
23
24
25

4
5
6
10
11
12
ATION
CUT THESE FRAMES OUT AND PASTE THEM IN ORDER ON FILE CARDS, USING AN APPROPRIATE CORNER FOR REGISTRATION. NOW, FLIP LIKE A MOFO!
I LOVE ACTIVITY SEGMENTS THAT INVOLVE TRASHING THE BOOK. DO YOU KNOW ALL THE REST OF THE PAGES CAN BE MADE INTO COLORFUL PAPER AIRPLANES?
14
16
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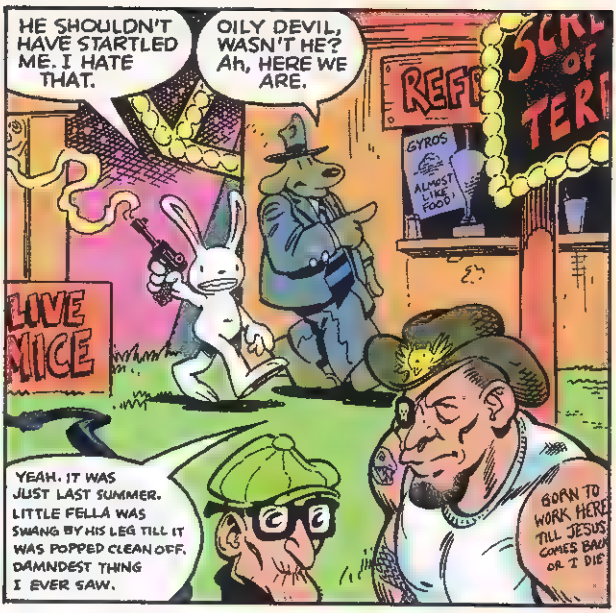
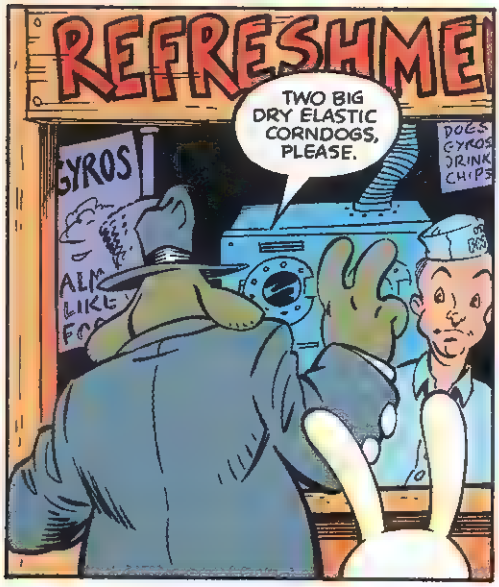
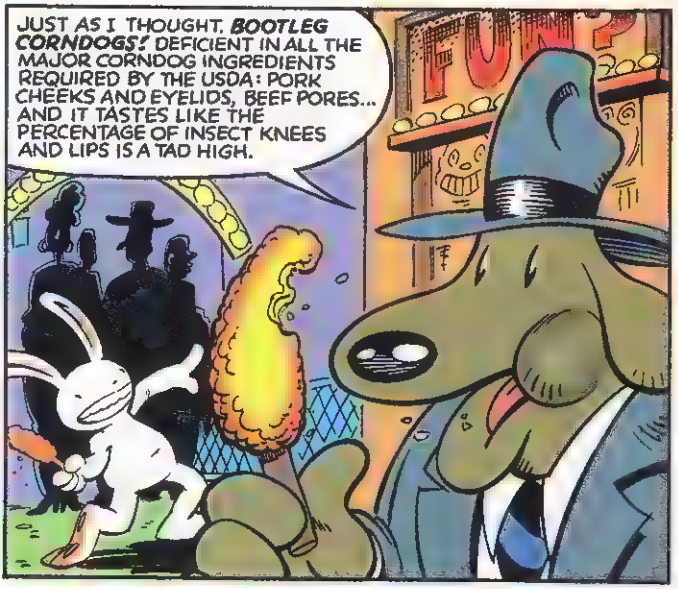
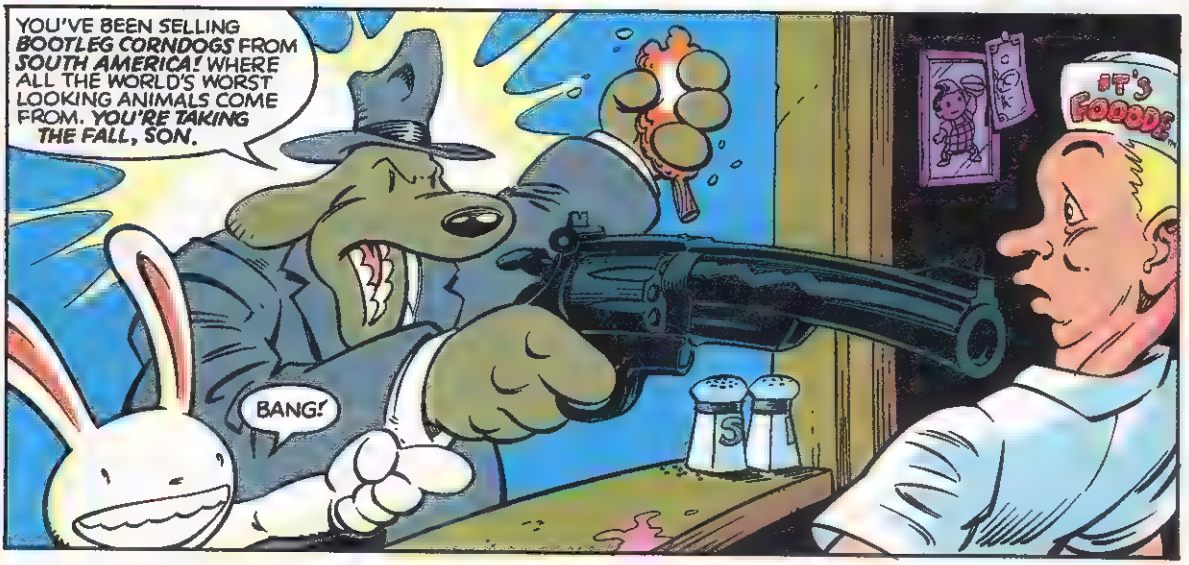
SAM and MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
NIGHT OF THE CRINGING WILDEBEEST
BASED ON THE BROADWAY MUSICAL: SAM AND MAX GO TO THE CARNIVAL
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS
WELL HERE WE ARE AT THE CARNIVAL, MAX
IT DOES HAVE A CERTAIN PERVERSE FASCINATION, DOESN'T IT, LITTLE BUDDY?
IT'S A HATEFUL AND UNWHOLESOME PLACE, SAM!
CONE OF TRAGEDY
BORN TO FIGHT DINOSAURS
HUMAN ENIGMA
FREAK SHOW! FREAK SHOW!
NO TIME, MAX! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE. THE COMMISSIONER SAID THERE WAS BAD TROUBLE AT THE REFRESHMENT BOOTH.
IT MUST BE THIS WAY. I SMELL BURNING RUBBER.
YOUNG GAL GOT HER PIGTAIL STUCK IN THE WORKS BACK IN '63. PULLED HER WHOLE SCALP CLEAN OFF. DAMNDEST THING I EVER SAW.
SCRAMBLE
HOW 'BOUT A B'LOON ANIMAL, SONNY?!

DON'T STARTLE HIM LIKE THAT, MISTER CLOWN. HE'S PACKING A ROD (SOMEPLACE). I'VE SEEN HIM SHOOT ONE OF THOSE ENDEARING POM HATS RIGHT OFF ONE OF YOU GUYS.


HE SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTLED ME. I HATE THAT.
OILY DEVIL, WASN'T HE? Ah, HERE WE ARE.
GYROS
ALMOST LIKE FOOD!
LIVE MICE
YEAH. IT WAS JUST LAST SUMMER. LITTLE FELLA WAS SWANG BY HIS LEG TILL IT WAS POPPED CLEAN OFF. DAMNDEST THING I EVER SAW.
BORN TO WORK HERE TILL JESUS COMES BACK OR I DIE

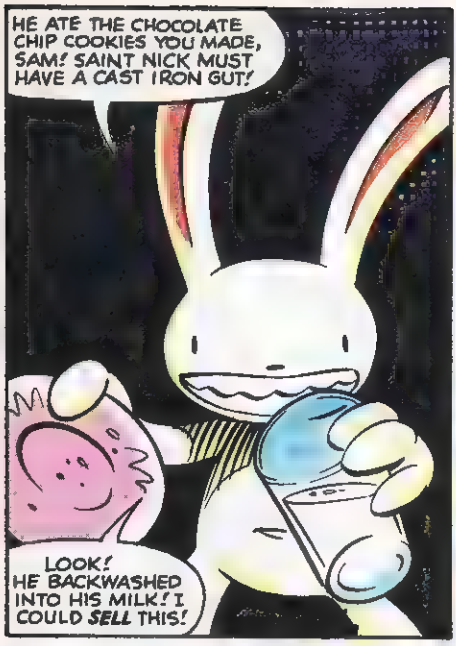

REFRESHME
TWO BIG DRY ELASTIC CORNDOGS, PLEASE.
GYROS
DOES GYROS DRINK CHIPS

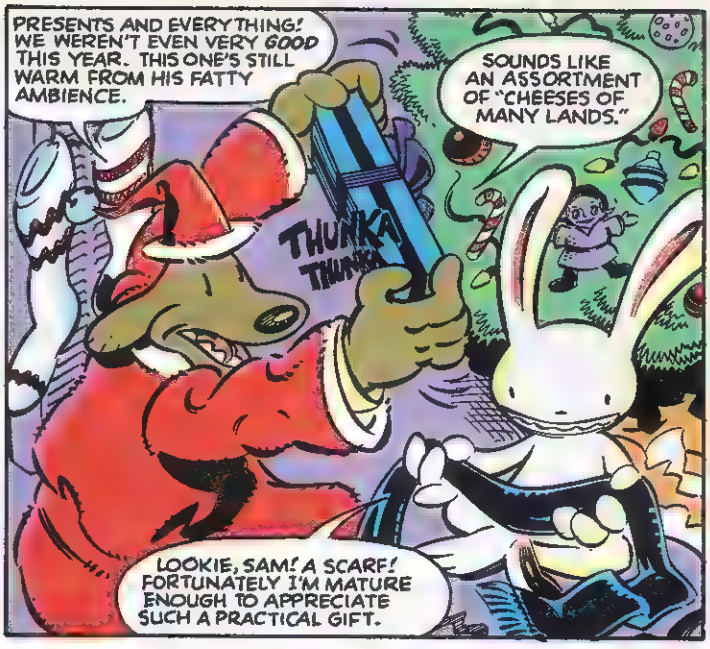

JUST AS I THOUGHT. BOOTLEG CORNDOGS! DEFICIENT IN ALL THE MAJOR CORNDOG INGREDIENTS REQUIRED BY THE USDA: PORK CHEEKS AND EYELIDS, BEEF PORES... AND IT TASTES LIKE THE PERCENTAGE OF INSECT KNEES AND LIPS IS A TAD HIGH.
FUN?

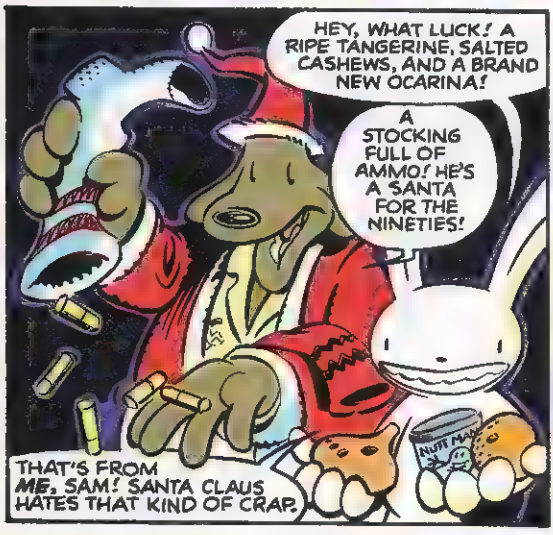

YOU'VE BEEN SELLING BOOTLEG CORNDOGS FROM SOUTH AMERICA! WHERE ALL THE WORLD'S WORST LOOKING ANIMALS COME FROM. YOU'RE TAKING THE FALL, SON.
BANG!
IT'S FOOOOD!

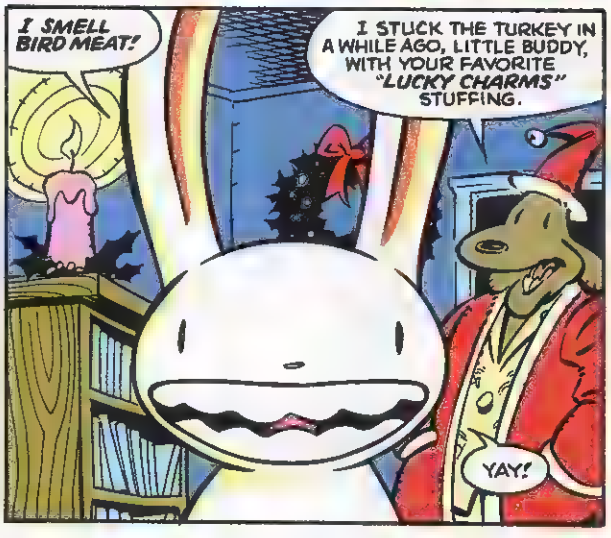
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY IN THIS PANEL. TAKE CARE OF HIM, MAX.
OFF FOOD
PRODUCT OF ARGENTINA
I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY THE JURISDICTION OF WHATEVER CITY THIS IS TO PUNISH YOU IN WHATEVER WAY I CAN THINK OF!
I TOLD THEM KIDS TO KEEP THEIR ARMS INSIDE THE RIDE. DAMNDEST THING I EVER SAW.
WONDER HOW THE LITTLE GUY'S DOING. OH, HERE HE COMES NOW.
I'M WITH STUPID
I WON YOU A STUFFED HORSEY, MAX. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE FIENDISH REFRESHMENT VENDOR?
I MADE HIM EAT ALL THE CORNDOGS AND THEN I PADLOCKED HIM INTO THE ROCK-O-PLANE!
FIZZ BALL
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
GOOD WORK, MAX! HEY, LET'S CATCH THAT FREAK SHOW NOW. I HEAR THEY HAVE THE BEST RODENT-HEADED BOY IN THE STATE! NOT COUNTING YOURSELF, OF COURSE.
I'M A LAGOMORPH, SAM! LOOK IT UP!
YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE PAL!
TILT-O WHIR
FREAKS FREAKS FREAKS
·END·

Sam & Max FREELANCE POLICE
in
A glowing Christmas tradition:
"The DAMNED DON'T DANCE"
BASED ON A BELOVED HOLIDAY COOKIE RECIPE
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE PURCELL.
LETTERED BY L. LOIS BUHALIS
WAKE UP, SAM, I MEAN MAX! HOW CAN YOU SLEEP WHEN IT'S CHRISTMAS?!
WHUMP
YOU MUST HAVE HAD VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCING IN YOUR HEAD, LITTLE PAL.
Oh THANK GOD! I THOUGHT IT WAS A TWITCHING, LEMON-SIZED BRAIN TUMOR.
THAT LOVABLE, HAIRY OLD ELF FROM THE NORTH POLE BUSTED IN LAST NIGHT. SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT SOME LOOT. WHAT A GUY!
BUT WE DON'T HAVE A CHIMNEY, SAM.
HE PROBABLY SCRAMBLED IN THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE WALL BEHIND THE FRIDGE. YOU KNOW, MAX, FATHER CHRISTMAS CAN SQUEEZE HIS ENTIRE BODY THROUGH ANY SIZE HOLE HE CAN GET HIS HEAD INTO.
Ooh, NEAT! SANTA GOT CAUGHT IN THIS BEAR TRAP I SET! WOW! HE GNAWED HIS OWN FOOT OFF TO ESCAPE!
HEY, JUST KIDDING, SAM.

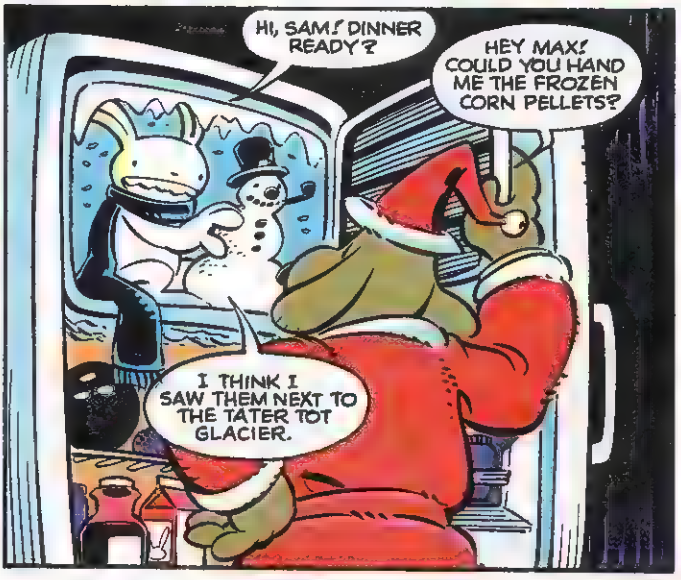

HE ATE THE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES YOU MADE, SAM! SAINT NICK MUST HAVE A CAST IRON GUT!
LOOK! HE BACKWASHED INTO HIS MILK! I COULD SELL THIS!

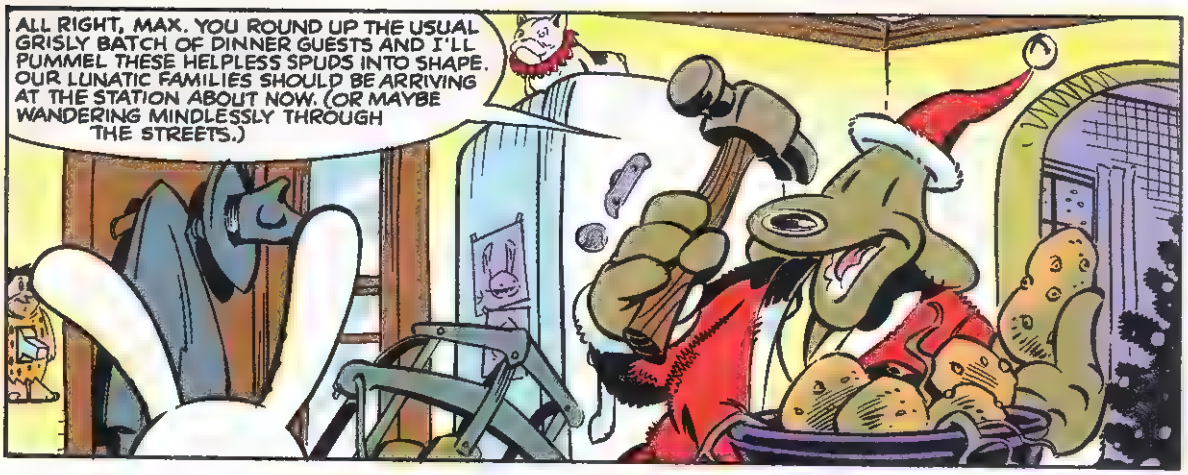

PRESENTS AND EVERYTHING! WE WEREN'T EVEN VERY GOOD THIS YEAR. THIS ONE'S STILL WARM FROM HIS FATTY AMBIENCE.
SOUNDS LIKE AN ASSORTMENT OF "CHEESES OF MANY LANDS."
THUNKA THUNKA
LOOKIE, SAM! A SCARF! FORTUNATELY I'M MATURE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE SUCH A PRACTICAL GIFT.

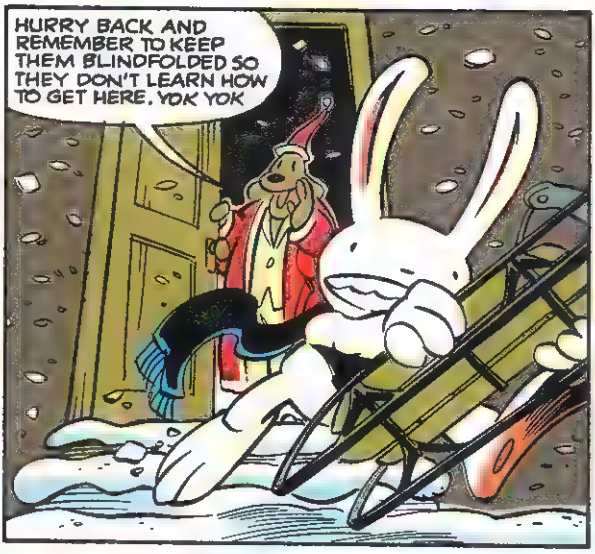

HEY, WHAT LUCK! A RIPE TANGERINE, SALTED CASHEWS, AND A BRAND NEW OCARINA!
A STOCKING FULL OF AMMO! HE'S A SANTA FOR THE NINETIES!
THAT'S FROM ME, SAM! SANTA CLAUS HATES THAT KIND OF CRAP.


I SMELL BIRD MEAT!
I STUCK THE TURKEY IN A WHILE AGO, LITTLE BUDDY, WITH YOUR FAVORITE "LUCKY CHARMS" STUFFING.
YAY!

I'LL START WORKING ON THE PUMPKIN PIE. I'VE NEVER MADE ONE BEFORE, BUT I SAW ONE ON TV ONCE.


HI, SAM! DINNER READY?
HEY MAX! COULD YOU HAND ME THE FROZEN CORN PELLETS?
I THINK I SAW THEM NEXT TO THE TATER TOT GLACIER.

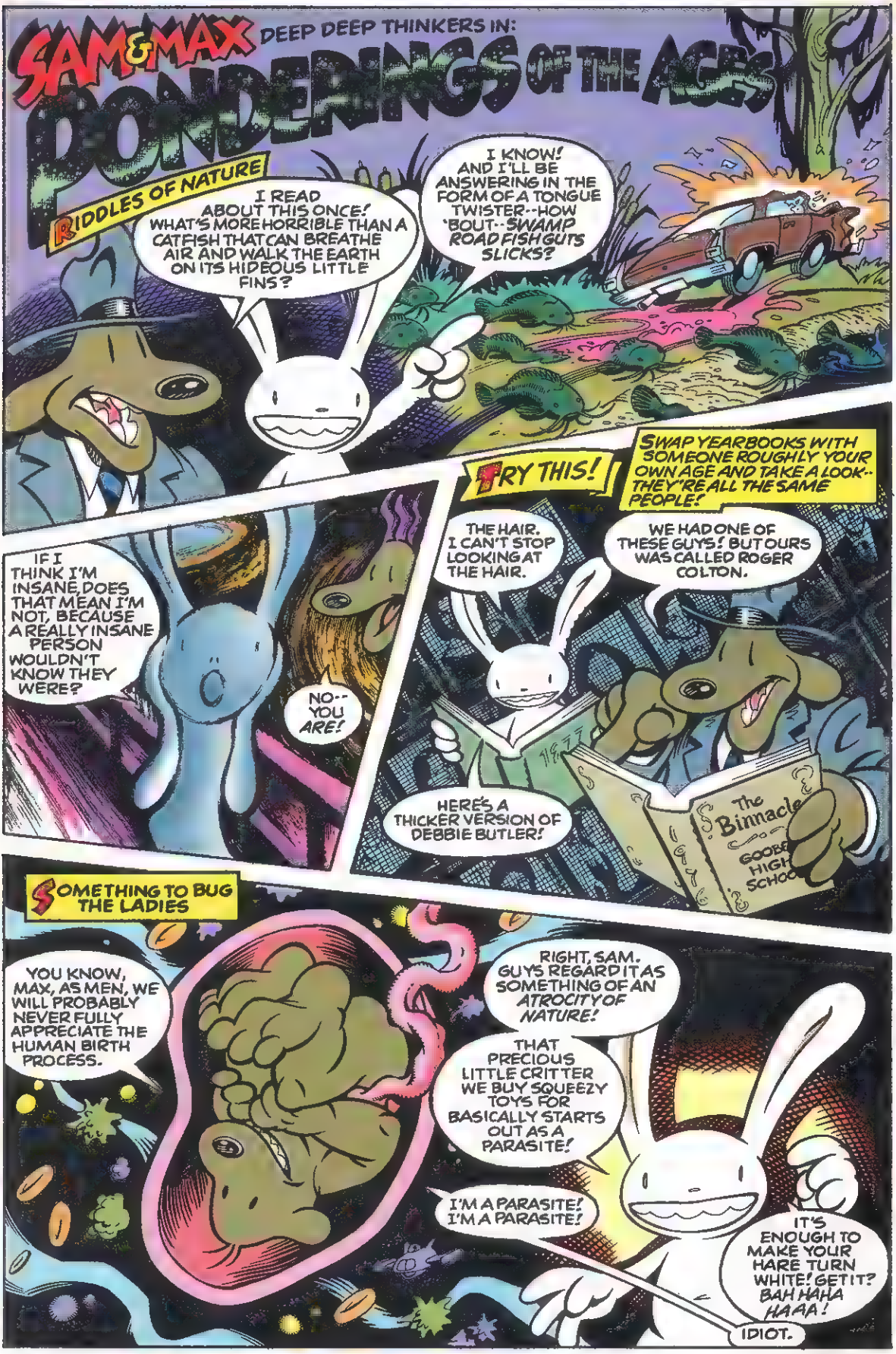

ALL RIGHT, MAX. YOU ROUND UP THE USUAL GRISLY BATCH OF DINNER GUESTS AND I'LL PUMMEL THESE HELPLESS SPUDS INTO SHAPE. OUR LUNATIC FAMILIES SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT THE STATION ABOUT NOW. (OR MAYBE WANDERING MINDLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS.)

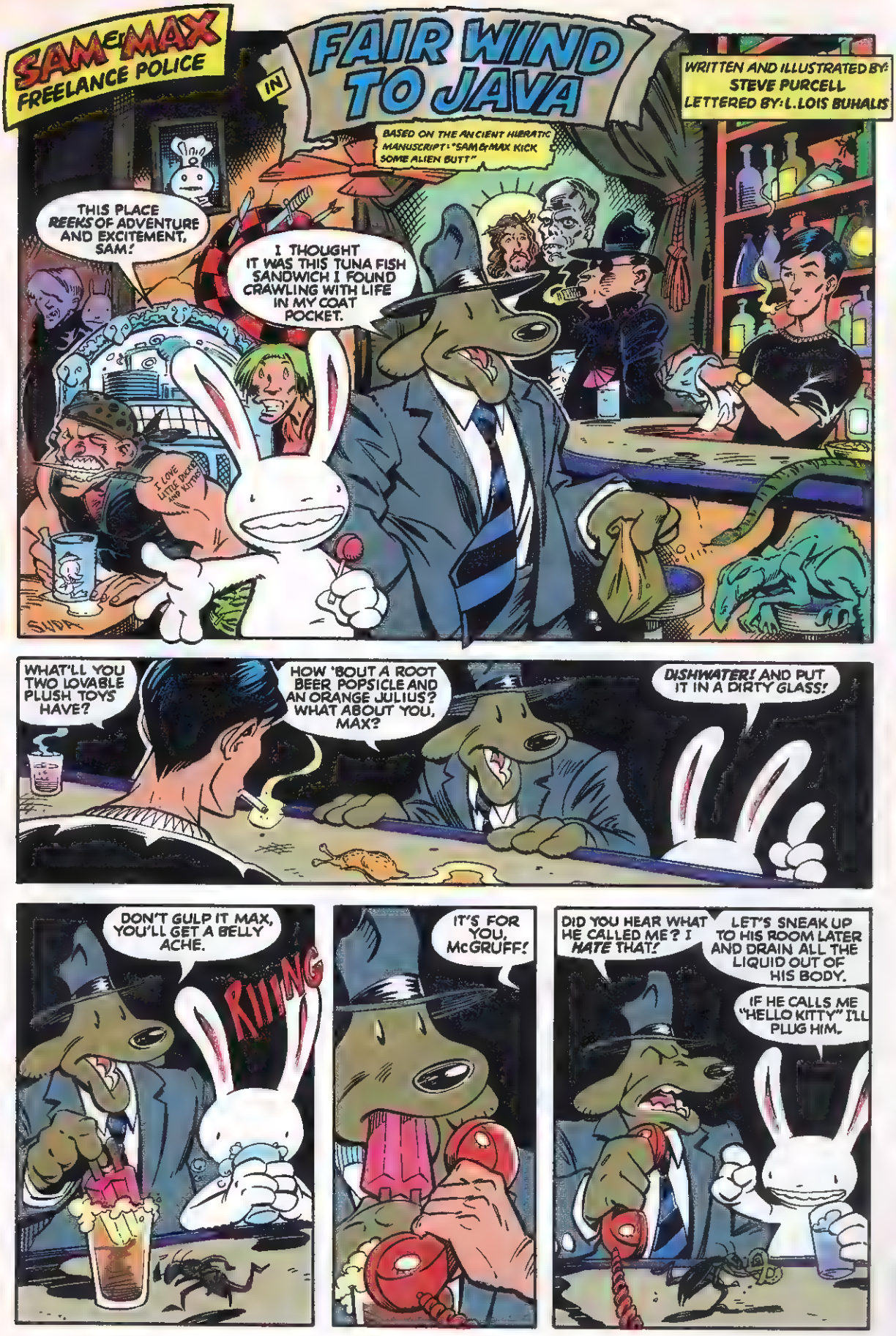

HURRY BACK AND REMEMBER TO KEEP THEM BLINDFOLDED SO THEY DON'T LEARN HOW TO GET HERE. YOK YOK

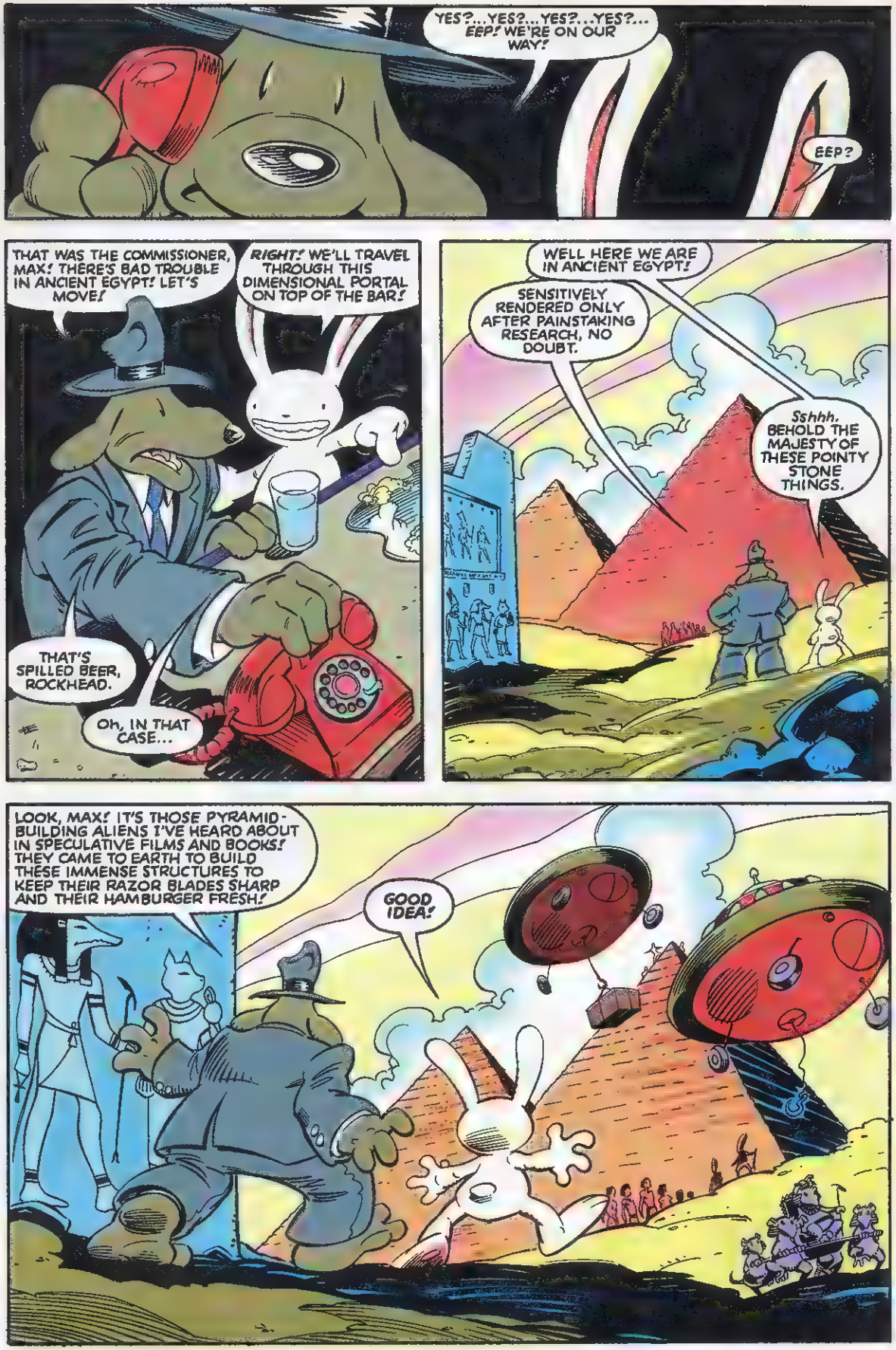
OOPS, THEY'RE BACK ALREADY. BUT I'LL HAVE THIS BAFFLING DINNER ORDEAL RESOLVED IN NO TIME.
WEEVIL GRAND FLOUR

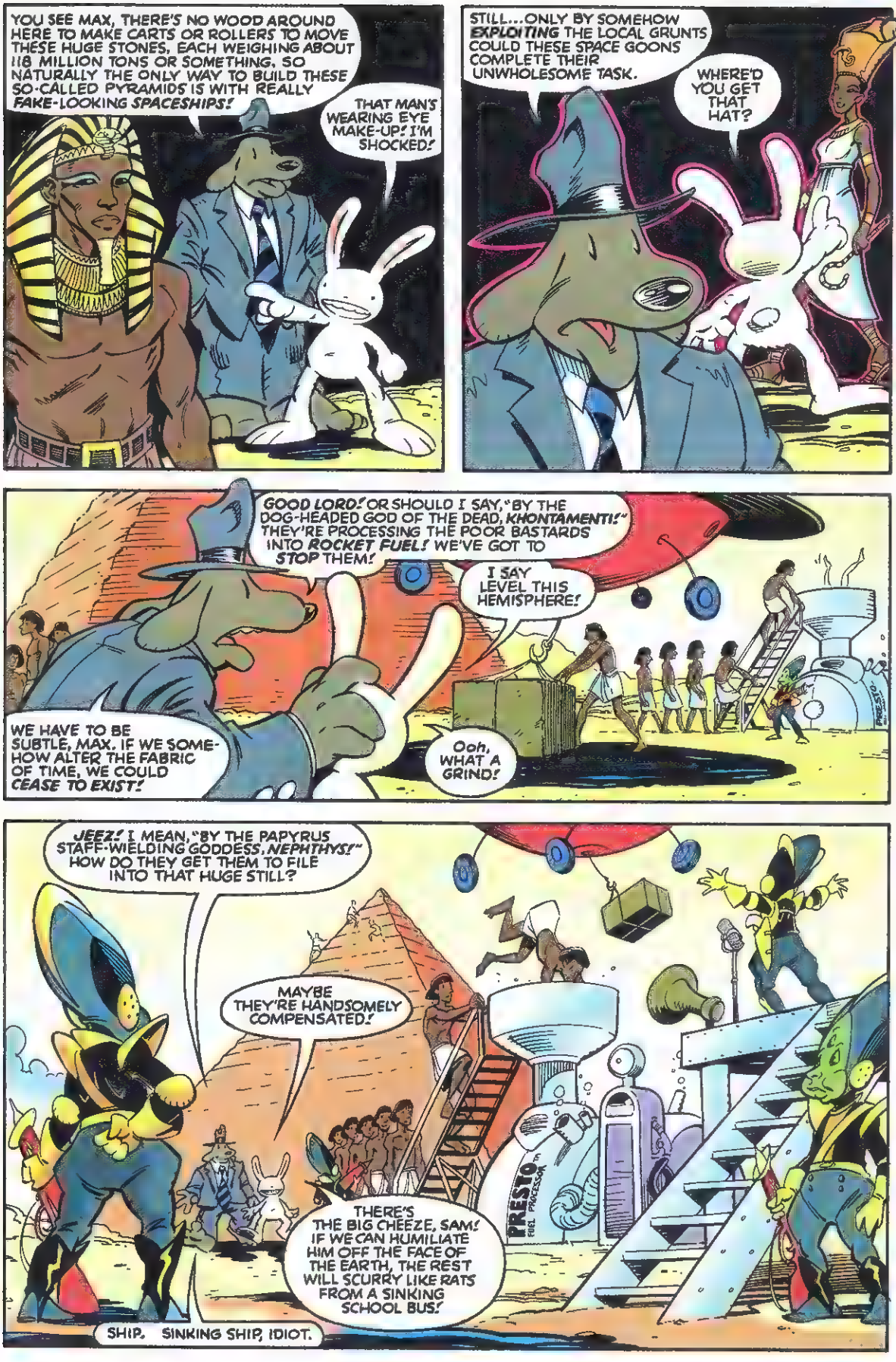
JELLO SALAD-- THE FOOD OF THE GODS!
AND NOW I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SPECIAL NOG TOAST TO OUR SWELL CHRISTMAS GUESTS. WE WOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU ALL PRESENTS BUT IT NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO US. OH, WELL!
DA RUMPA PUMPUM-- RUMPA PUMPUM. GET IT? RUMPA PUMPUM. GET IT?
hee hee hee
IT'S A HANDSOME BIRD, SON. VERY REALISTIC.
GOD BLESS US EVERYONE! I WANT THE NECK... AND THE FACE!
YOU CRACK US UP, MAX! HAR HAR

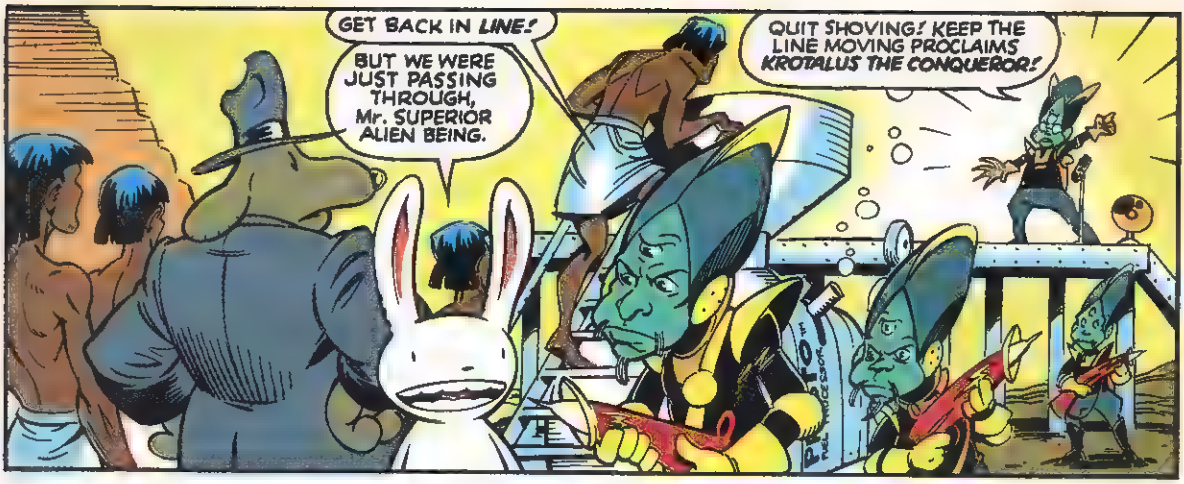
END

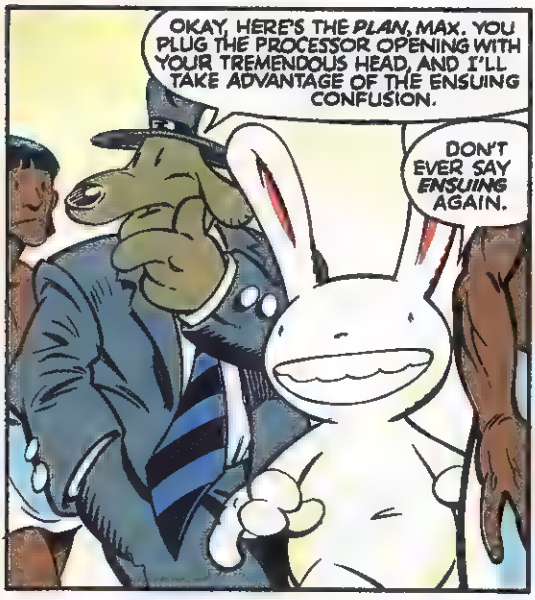

SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN:
PONDERINGS OF THE AGES
RIDDLES OF NATURE
I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?
I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT--SWAMP ROAD FISH GUTS SLICKS?
TRY THIS!
SWAP YEARBOOKS WITH SOMEONE ROUGHLY YOUR OWN AGE AND TAKE A LOOK--THEY'RE ALL THE SAME PEOPLE!
THE HAIR. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE HAIR.
WE HAD ONE OF THESE GUYS! BUT OURS WAS CALLED ROGER COLTON.
HERE'S A THICKER VERSION OF DEBBIE BUTLER!
The Binnacle
GOOBER HIGH SCHOOL
IF I THINK I'M INSANE, DOES THAT MEAN I'M NOT, BECAUSE A REALLY INSANE PERSON WOULDN'T KNOW THEY WERE?
NO-- YOU ARE!
SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES
YOU KNOW, MAX, AS MEN, WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMAN BIRTH PROCESS.
RIGHT, SAM. GUYS REGARD IT AS SOMETHING OF AN ATROCITY OF NATURE!
THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE CRITTER WE BUY SQUEEZY TOYS FOR BASICALLY STARTS OUT AS A PARASITE!
I'M A PARASITE! I'M A PARASITE!
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HARE TURN WHITE! GET IT? BAH HAHA HAAA!
IDIOT.
END

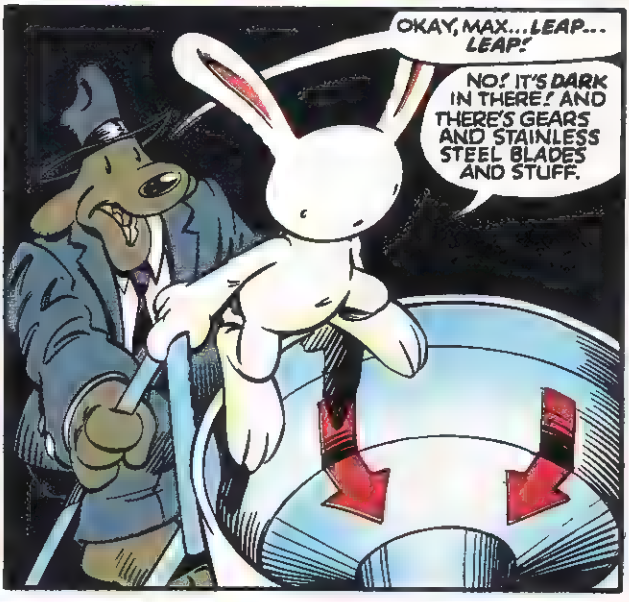

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
IN
FAIR WIND TO JAVA
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY: STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L.LOIS BUHALIS
BASED ON THE ANCIENT HIERATIC MANUSCRIPT: "SAM & MAX KICK SOME ALIEN BUTT"
THIS PLACE REEKS OF ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT, SAM!
I THOUGHT IT WAS THIS TUNA FISH SANDWICH I FOUND CRAWLING WITH LIFE IN MY COAT POCKET.
I LOVE LITTLE DOGGIES AND KITTIES
WHAT'LL YOU TWO LOVABLE PLUSH TOYS HAVE?
HOW 'BOUT A ROOT BEER POPSICLE AND AN ORANGE JULIUS? WHAT ABOUT YOU, MAX?
DISHWATER! AND PUT IT IN A DIRTY GLASS!
DON'T GULP IT MAX, YOU'LL GET A BELLY ACHE.
KILLING
IT'S FOR YOU, McGRUFF!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME? I HATE THAT!
LET'S SNEAK UP TO HIS ROOM LATER AND DRAIN ALL THE LIQUID OUT OF HIS BODY.
IF HE CALLS ME "HELLO KITTY" I'LL PLUG HIM.

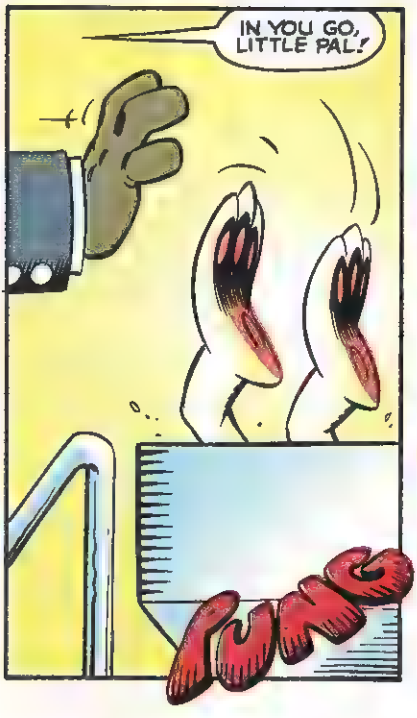

YES?...YES?...YES?...YES?...
EEP! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
EEP?
THAT WAS THE COMMISSIONER, MAX! THERE'S BAD TROUBLE IN ANCIENT EGYPT! LET'S MOVE!
RIGHT! WE'LL TRAVEL THROUGH THIS DIMENSIONAL PORTAL ON TOP OF THE BAR!
THAT'S SPILLED BEER, ROCKHEAD.
Oh, IN THAT CASE...
WELL HERE WE ARE IN ANCIENT EGYPT!
SENSITIVELY RENDERED ONLY AFTER PAINSTAKING RESEARCH, NO DOUBT.
Sshhh. BEHOLD THE MAJESTY OF THESE POINTY STONE THINGS.
LOOK, MAX! IT'S THOSE PYRAMID-BUILDING ALIENS I'VE HEARD ABOUT IN SPECULATIVE FILMS AND BOOKS! THEY CAME TO EARTH TO BUILD THESE IMMENSE STRUCTURES TO KEEP THEIR RAZOR BLADES SHARP AND THEIR HAMBURGER FRESH!
GOOD IDEA!


YOU SEE MAX, THERE'S NO WOOD AROUND HERE TO MAKE CARTS OR ROLLERS TO MOVE THESE HUGE STONES, EACH WEIGHING ABOUT 118 MILLION TONS OR SOMETHING, SO NATURALLY THE ONLY WAY TO BUILD THESE SO-CALLED PYRAMIDS IS WITH REALLY FAKE-LOOKING SPACESHIPS!
THAT MAN'S WEARING EYE MAKE-UP! I'M SHOCKED!
STILL...ONLY BY SOMEHOW EXPLOITING THE LOCAL GRUNTS COULD THESE SPACE GOONS COMPLETE THEIR UNWHOLESOME TASK.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT HAT?
GOOD LORD! OR SHOULD I SAY, "BY THE DOG-HEADED GOD OF THE DEAD, KHONTAMENTI!" THEY'RE PROCESSING THE POOR BASTARDS INTO ROCKET FUEL! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
I SAY LEVEL THIS HEMISPHERE!
WE HAVE TO BE SUBTLE, MAX. IF WE SOMEHOW ALTER THE FABRIC OF TIME, WE COULD CEASE TO EXIST!
Ooh, WHAT A GRIND!
JEEZ! I MEAN, "BY THE PAPYRUS STAFF-WIELDING GODDESS, NEPHTHYS!" HOW DO THEY GET THEM TO FILE INTO THAT HUGE STILL?
MAYBE THEY'RE HANDSOMELY COMPENSATED!
THERE'S THE BIG CHEEZE, SAM! IF WE CAN HUMILIATE HIM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE REST WILL SCURRY LIKE RATS FROM A SINKING SCHOOL BUS!
PRESTO FUEL PROCESSOR
SHIP. SINKING SHIP, IDIOT.

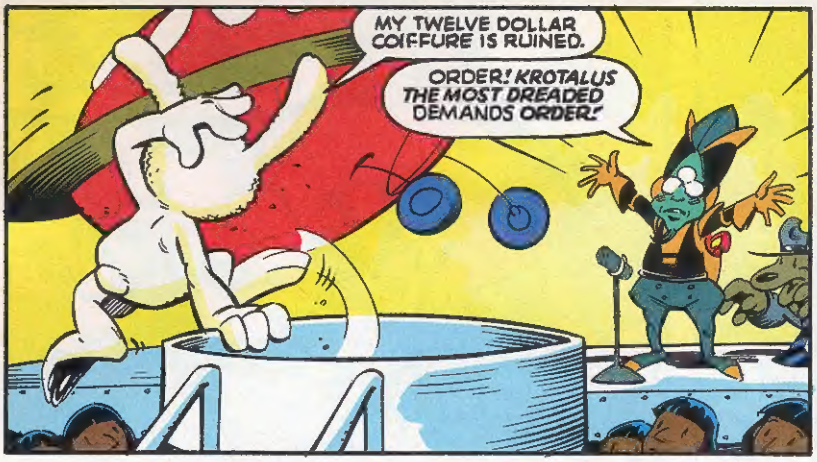

GET BACK IN LINE!
BUT WE WERE JUST PASSING THROUGH, Mr. SUPERIOR ALIEN BEING.
QUIT SHOVING! KEEP THE LINE MOVING PROCLAIMS KROTALUS THE CONQUEROR!

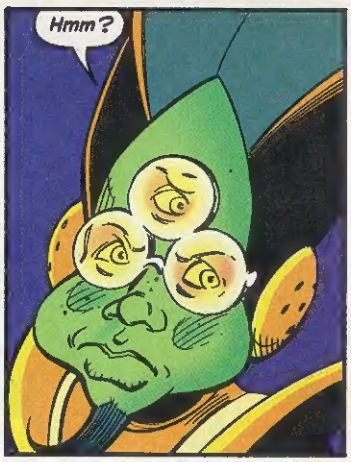

OKAY, HERE'S THE PLAN, MAX. YOU PLUG THE PROCESSOR OPENING WITH YOUR TREMENDOUS HEAD, AND I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ENSUING CONFUSION.
DON'T EVER SAY ENSUING AGAIN.

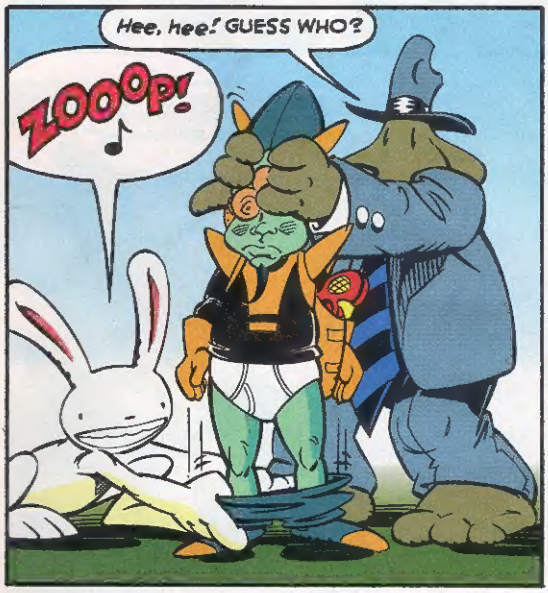

OKAY, MAX... LEAP... LEAP!
NO! IT'S DARK IN THERE! AND THERE'S GEARS AND STAINLESS STEEL BLADES AND STUFF.

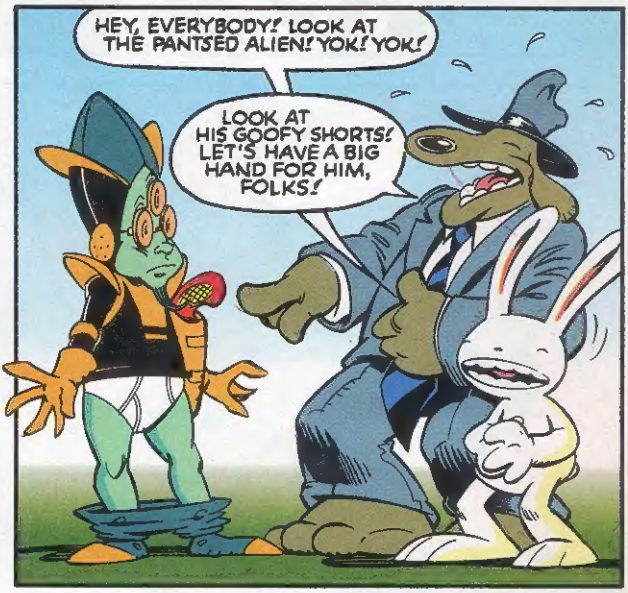

IN YOU GO, LITTLE PAL!
FUNG

WHAT? THAT WHITE THING HAS BLOCKED THE ENTRY PORT! WRENCH IT OUT OF THERE NOW, COMMANDS KROTALUS THE TERRIBLE!
WHIRRRRRRRR
KCHUNK


MY TWELVE DOLLAR COIFFURE IS RUINED.
ORDER! KROTALUS THE MOST DREADED DEMANDS ORDER!

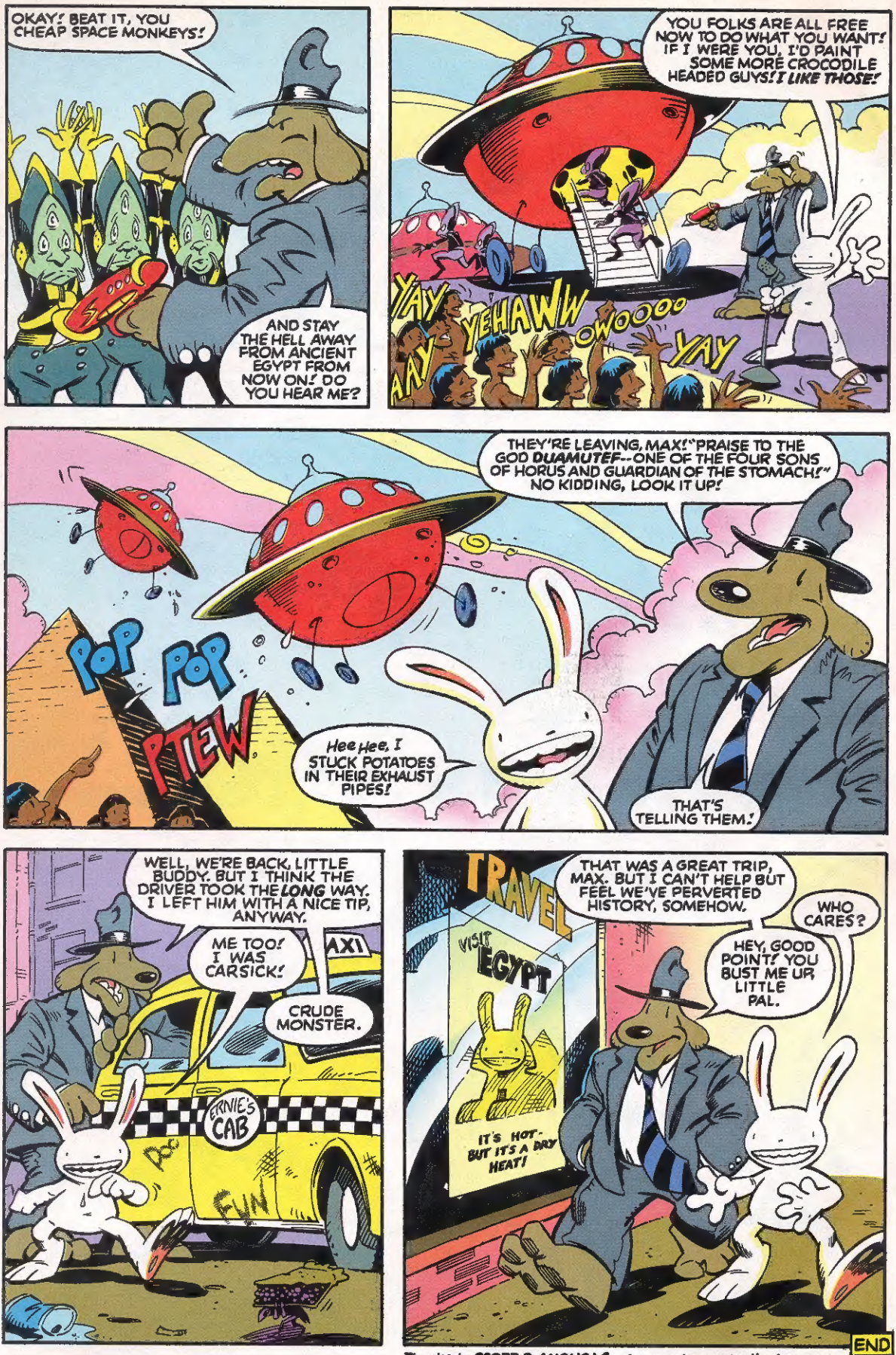

Hmm?


Hee, hee! GUESS WHO?
ZOOOP!


HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT THE PANTSED ALIEN! YOK! YOK!
LOOK AT HIS GOOFY SHORTS! LET'S HAVE A BIG HAND FOR HIM, FOLKS!

YOUR SLAVES NO LONGER FEAR YOU, KROTALUS THE HELPLESS PINHEAD!
Oops! LOOK OUT, SAM, HE'S GOT A BIG, FUTURISTIC GUN!

SCRAM! GO PICK ON THE MAYANS!
I FEEL KIND OF BAD, BEATING UP ON SUPERIOR ALIEN BEINGS.
SO WHAT?
PUNT


OKAY! BEAT IT, YOU CHEAP SPACE MONKEYS!
AND STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ANCIENT EGYPT FROM NOW ON! DO YOU HEAR ME?
YOU FOLKS ARE ALL FREE NOW TO DO WHAT YOU WANT! IF I WERE YOU, I'D PAINT SOME MORE CROCODILE HEADED GUYS! I LIKE THOSE!
YAY
YEHAWW
OWOOOO
YAY
THEY'RE LEAVING, MAX! "PRAISE TO THE GOD DUAMUTEF--ONE OF THE FOUR SONS OF HORUS AND GUARDIAN OF THE STOMACH!" NO KIDDING, LOOK IT UP!
POP
POP
PTEW
HEE HEE, I STUCK POTATOES IN THEIR EXHAUST PIPES!
THAT'S TELLING THEM!
WELL, WE'RE BACK, LITTLE BUDDY. BUT I THINK THE DRIVER TOOK THE LONG WAY. I LEFT HIM WITH A NICE TIP, ANYWAY.
ME TOO! I WAS CARSICK!
CRUDE MONSTER.
TAXI
ERNIE'S CAB
DOG
FUN
TRAVEL
VISIT EGYPT
IT'S HOT. BUT IT'S A DRY HEAT!
THAT WAS A GREAT TRIP, MAX. BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL WE'VE PERVERTED HISTORY, SOMEHOW.
WHO CARES?
HEY, GOOD POINT! YOU BUST ME UR LITTLE PAL.
END

Thanks to **SCOTT G. MIGNOLA**, *who somehow actually dreamed part of this story.*

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